

The American Girl

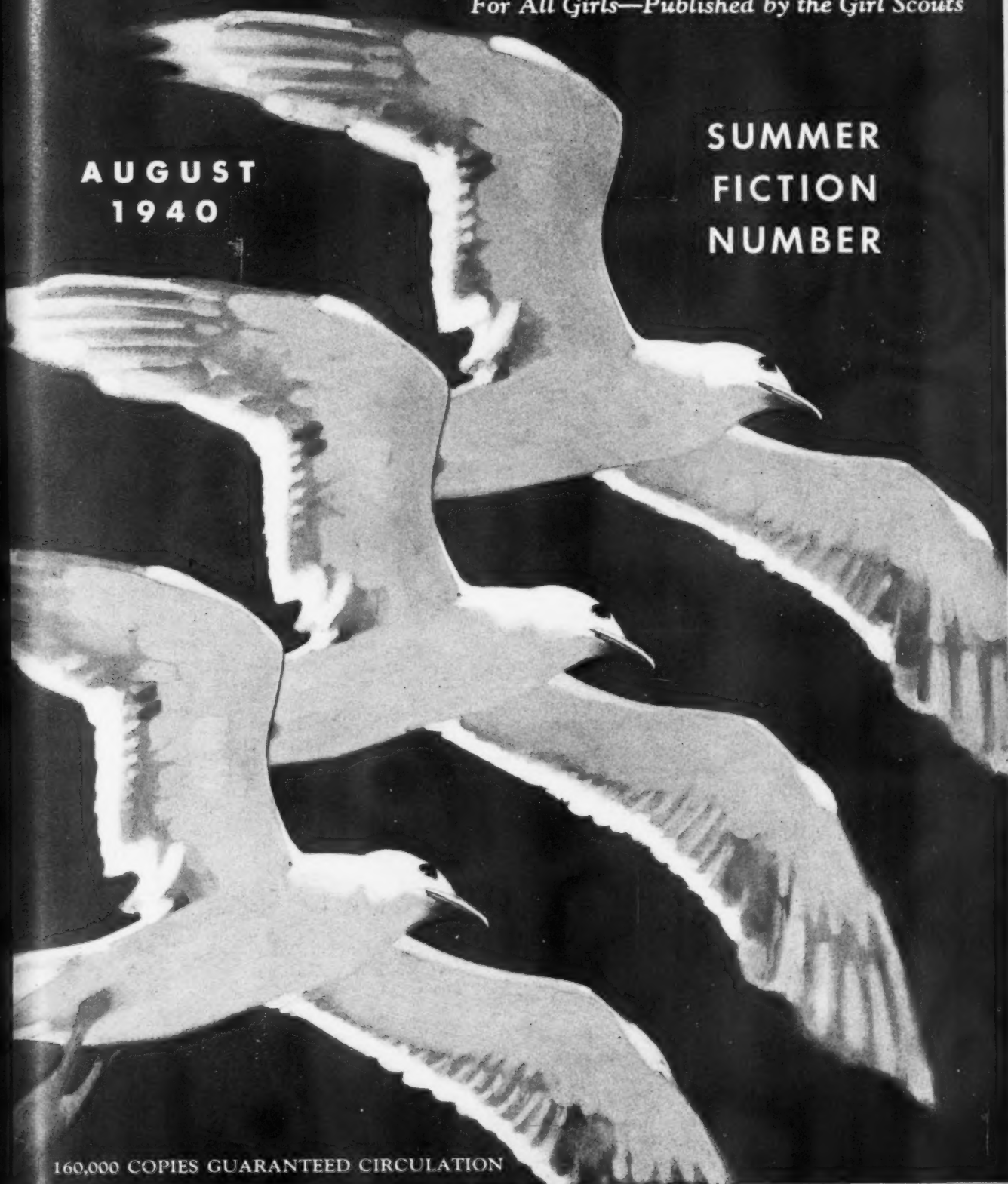
15c a copy

For All Girls—Published by the Girl Scouts

AUGUST
1940

SUMMER
FICTION
NUMBER

160,000 COPIES GUARANTEED CIRCULATION



REDUCED CLUB PRICES

Buy Two Magazines for the Home!

American Girl	PRICE WHEN BOUGHT SEPARATELY	REDUCED PRICE	SAVE
& American Boy	\$3.50	\$2.75	\$.75
& Better Homes & Gardens	2.50	2.00	.50
& Boys' Life	3.00	2.50	.50
& Child Life	4.00	3.50	.50
& Children's Play Mate	3.00	2.50	.50
& Christian Herald	3.50	3.00	.50
& Etude Music Magazine....	4.00	3.25	.75
& Nature	4.50	3.75	.75
& Open Road for Boys	2.50	2.00	.50
& Parents' Magazine	3.50	2.90	.60
& Pathfinder	2.50	2.00	.50
& Popular Mechanics	4.00	3.50	.50
& Reader's Digest	4.50	3.75	.75
& Wee Wisdom	2.50	2.00	.50
& Woman's World	2.00	1.75	.25
& Youth Today	4.50	4.00	.50



If you prefer not to cut the coupon below, we suggest that you copy it on a blank sheet and address it to Department RS, The American Girl Magazine.

THE AMERICAN GIRL

1 year \$1.50

2 years \$2.00

Good News! You may have THE AMERICAN GIRL for 2 years instead of 1 year by adding ONLY 50 CENTS to any of the bargain magazine clubs listed above. ANY RENEWALS will be extended from expirations of present subscriptions. Magazines may go to separate addresses unless otherwise specified.

ORDER YOUR READING NOW

Dept. RS

MAIL TODAY

THE AMERICAN GIRL MAGAZINE,
14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y.

Enclosed find..... for which send me The American Girl for
..... years, and the following magazine.....

Name.....
Local.....
Address.....
City &.....
State.....

Specify which are renewals

These Prices Good in U. S. only

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

CONTENTS for AUGUST, 1940

Cover Design	Orson Lowell
Herring Gull— <i>From a painting by John James Audubon</i>	4

STORIES

Blue Blossoms in Carolina— <i>Gertrude Tucker</i> . Illustrated by W. M. Berger	8
Miss Downing Speaking— <i>Frances Fitzpatrick Wright</i> . Illustrated by Pelagie Doane	11
My Book and Heart— <i>Edith Ballinger Price</i> . Illustrated by Leslie Turner	14
Janey Finds a Skipper— <i>Nancy Titus</i> . Illustrated by Sylvia Haggander	20
Sing for Your Supper, IV— <i>Lenora Mattingly Weber</i> . Illustrated by Edward Caswell	23

ARTICLES

Lucy Audubon, American Wife— <i>Donald Culross Peattie</i> . Illustrated with photographs, and reproductions of paintings by John James Audubon	5
Canadian Odyssey— <i>Jill Randolph</i> . Illustrated with photographs	17

POETRY

Needles in Haystacks— <i>Robert P. Tristram Coffin</i>	22
--	----

GIRL SCOUT FEATURES

Happy Hands at Work That's Play	26
Gypsy Trips Add Zest to Girl Scout Camping	28

DEPARTMENTS

American Girl Fashions	32	Laugh and Grow Scout	47
In Step with the Times— <i>Latrobe Carroll</i>	34	When Stamps Are Your Hobby— <i>Osborne B. Bond</i>	48
What's On the Air?	38	American Painters Series, XXX: John James Audubon— <i>M.C.</i>	50
What's On the Screen?	39		
Photograph Contest Rules	43		

ANNE STODDARD, *Editor*
ELIZABETH HONNESS, *Managing Editor*

THE AMERICAN GIRL

ERIC SHUMWAY, *Circulation Manager*
MARGARET MORAN, *Adv. Representative*

Subscription price: \$1.50 for one year, \$2.00 for two years. Foreign, \$.60 extra a year for postage, \$1.20 for two years. Remit by money orders for foreign or Canadian subscriptions.

ADVERTISING REPRESENTATIVES: A. M. Willcox & Associates, Graybar Building, New York City; Powers & Stone, First National Bank Building, Chicago, Ill.; Dorr & Corbett, Old South Building, Boston, Mass.; Warwick S. Carpenter, 29 E. de la Guerra, Santa Barbara, Cal.

Published monthly by Girl Scouts, Inc., 350 Dennison Ave., Dayton, Ohio, U.S.A. Address all correspondence to the Executive and Editorial offices at Girl Scout National Headquarters, 14 West 49th Street, New York, N. Y. Copyright, 1940, Girl Scouts, Inc., in the United States and Canada. Reprinting, or adaptation for radio or other use, not permitted except by special authorization. Entered as second-class matter July 30, 1936, at the Post Office at Dayton, Ohio, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized November 17, 1921.

VOLUME XXIII

Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations

NUMBER VIII

Honorary President . . . MRS. FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT

Honorary
Vice-Presidents

MRS. BENJAMIN HARRISON
MRS. T. J. PRESTON, JR.
MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT
MRS. WILLIAM H. TAFT
MRS. WOODROW WILSON
MRS. CALVIN COOLIDGE
MRS. HERBERT HOOVER
MISS SARAH LOUISE ARNOLD
MRS. WILLIAM H. HOFFMAN
MRS. ARTHUR O. CHOATE
MRS. FREDERICK H. BROOKE

MRS. JULIETTE LOW Founder
MRS. FREDERICK EDEY . . . National Commissioner
MRS. HARVEY S. MUDD President
MRS. VANCE C. MCCORMICK . . . First Vice-President
MRS. ALAN H. MEANS Second Vice-President
MRS. C. LESLIE GLENN Third Vice-President
MRS. RALPH G. WRIGHT . . . Chairman, Executive
Committee of Board of Directors
MISS ELEANOR EDSON Treasurer
MRS. LEO ARNSTEIN Assistant Treasurer
MRS. THOMAS H. BECK Secretary
MRS. PAUL T. KAMMERER, JR. . . Assistant Secretary
MRS. PAUL RITTENHOUSE . . . National Director
MR. E. F. ELWOOD Controller



For autobiographical note, see page 50.

Herring Gull
 Reproduced by courtesy of the National Association of Audubon Societies

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES
 XXX—HERRING GULL *Painted by* JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

THE AMERICAN GIRL

THE MAGAZINE FOR ALL GIRLS PUBLISHED BY THE GIRL SCOUTS

REGISTERED U. S. PATENT OFFICE

ANNE STODDARD · EDITOR

AUGUST · 1940

LUCY AUDUBON, AMERICAN WIFE

LUCY BAKEWELL AUDUBON AT FORTY-FOUR, FROM A MINIATURE BY CRICKSHANK. REPRODUCED BY PERMISSION FROM STANLEY CLISBY ARTHUR'S BIOGRAPHY, "AUDUBON: AN INTIMATE LIFE OF THE AMERICAN WOODSMAN"



By DONALD CULROSS PEATTIE

Illustrated with photographs, and reproductions of paintings

by JOHN

JAMES
AUDUBON

ALONG the Schuylkill River amid the Pennsylvania hills, the leaves hung golden and flame-colored as the autumn of 1804 burned to its bright climax. At Fatland Ford, Lucy, eldest daughter of the Bakewell family, spent her days—each one shining like a new-minted copper coin—as any girl of sixteen might spend them, all unconscious of her great destiny. She busied herself about the fine Colonial mansion in the tasks of the times, she amused herself with her five brothers and sisters, romped with her father's dogs, and walked through the autumnal woods and about the fertile old farm. Surely she dreamed, too, the long, sunny dreams in which a young girl glimpses the life as a woman which lies before her. Into those reveries did there not drift some wonder about the new neighbor come to settle at Mill Grove, not a quarter of a mile away? Lucy had not yet seen him, but she had heard of him. She had heard that he was a Frenchman, young, handsome, gay, and a good shot. And that his name was Jean Jacques Audubon.

Lucy's father, William Bakewell, was an Englishman who had come to America a couple of years earlier, and with his wife and family had settled at Fatland Ford in the spring past. He was a kindly country gentleman, fond of his dogs, proud of his gun, and enjoying, these days, the good grouse shooting in the woods around Perkioming Creek. With the geniality of one landowner for another near by, he had called at Mill Grove to bid this French lad welcome to the countryside, but the young man was not at home, nor did he trouble to return the call. William Bakewell shrugged. After all, the French had no love for the English in those days, and Mr. Bakewell knew the careless ways of young people. Had he not six of his own, as high-spirited and willful as any man could want them? All but Lucy; child that she still was to her fond father, she was turning woman now. And William Bakewell asked himself where in the world the man might be who was worthy of this bright-eyed daughter.

Then, in the woods, under the yellow and crimson canopies

of the autumn branches, on a day when a shot rang clear echoes from the hillsides, William Bakewell happened by chance to meet that man. It was the young Frenchman from Mill Grove, also out for the grouse. Jean Jacques Audubon was then nineteen, and more of a fop than a woodsman, for he wore his bright locks flowing to his shoulders, and dressed, even for hunting, in satin knee breeches, silk stockings, pumps, and a ruffled shirt. William Bakewell, as he introduced himself and accepted the young man's charming apology for his neglect in calling, may have tucked away a smile at such gallant courtliness combined with such youth. But he liked the lad. And he urged him, as they parted, to pay the forgotten visit to Fatland Ford.

But when the young man presented himself at the door of that fine mansion, he was told that Mr. Bakewell was not at home. As he turned, the servant added that Miss Lucy was at home, and would the gentleman not step in? So Jean

Jacques stepped over the threshold—and into the greatest good fortune of his life.

These are his own words, written much later in his life for the eyes of the sons whom Lucy bore him:

"Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God that I may never forget it, when for the first time I entered Mr. Bakewell's dwelling. It happened that he was absent from home, and I was shown into a parlor where only

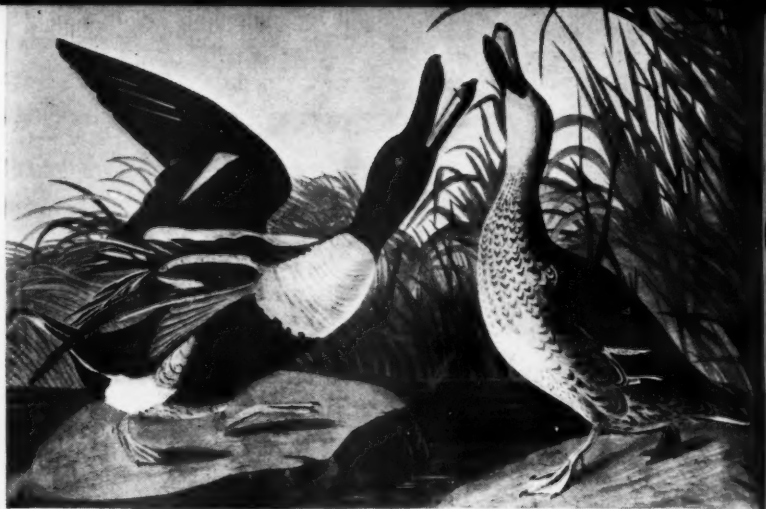
One of the greatest love-stories in American history retold by a noted naturalist, and authority on John James Audubon

one young lady was snugly seated at her work by the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added, would be in a few moments as she would dispatch a servant for him. Other ruddy cheeks and bright eyes made their transient appearance, but, like spirits gay, soon vanished from my sight; and there I sat, my gaze riveted, as it were,

Photographs on these two pages by courtesy of
The National Association of Audubon Societies

on the young girl before me who, half working, half talking, essayed to make the time pleasant to me. Oh, may God bless her! It was she, my dear sons, who afterward became my beloved wife, and your mother."

So began one of the great love stories in American history. It was to have its chapters of sorrow and of struggle, yet the golden thread binding these two never weakened or broke during the long tale of their years together. But then, at Fatland Ford and at Mill Grove, the beginning was all gayety and hope. Up with the dawn, with the birds on which his heart was already set, young Audubon filled his days with



ABOVE: SHOVELER DUCKS, DRAWN FROM NATURE BY JOHN JAMES AUDUBON. AT LEFT: FORK-TAIL PETRELS. BOTH OF THESE PAINTINGS ARE EXCELLENT EXAMPLES OF THE LIFE AND ACTION AUDUBON WAS ABLE TO REPRODUCE IN HIS WORK



BELOW: BARRED OWL AND GRAY SQUIRREL. NOTE THE ACCURATE DETAIL OF WORM MARKS IN THE WOOD, AND LICHEN AND FUNGUS ON THE BRANCH



healthy country pleasures and his nights with thoughts of Lucy.

But fame and fortune were still only the stuff of dreams. At the Mill Grove farm a lead mine had been discovered, and Jean Jacques had hopes of it as a source of support. But he was to learn to his sorrow that he was no business man, and moreover, a half interest in the mine, as well as real management of the farm, were in the hands of his father's agent, Dacosta. Dacosta thought ill of the young man's prospective marriage, as he did of most of Jean Jacques' light-hearted behavior, and sent warning reports to Audubon's father in France.

The worried old naval officer strolled up and down the walks of his estate on the

Loire, shaking his head and twitching anxious fingers behind his back. What was to be done? He could not countenance a marriage so rashly youthful and unsupported. He had written Dacosta to keep a close rein on the headstrong Jean Jacques—when there, at "La Gerbetière," suddenly arrived the impetuous young man himself, come to secure his father's consent and, taking him by storm, show up Dacosta for a scheming mischief-maker.

All that he had to say of Lucy must have won the heart of Captain Audubon, for at last a business arrangement was made that was to promise Jean Jacques security on which to marry. A partnership was formed between young Audubon and young Ferdinand Rozier, and together the two set sail for America again, for Lucy, and for the fortune that must await them.

The less said about young Audubon's first business ventures, the better—though they were as honest as they were unsuccessful. But Lucy had faith in him, though she could not yet have guessed that it was the birds, on which he wasted so many good working hours, which were to lead him to glory. On April 8, 1808, at Fatland Ford, John James Audubon and Lucy Bakewell became man and wife.

Then together they faced the wilderness, that vanished wilderness of vast hardwood forests, flashing with wings and ringing with bird song. It was the wilderness that was to break him and to make him, that ardent lover who yet could look past Lucy's head on his shoulder with eyes eager for the least bird that passed. Artist eyes, scientist eyes, that accurately captured an impression and with miraculous accuracy transferred to paper an image all but living. Yet still John James was earnestly trying to look at life "practically," like a business man.

What a wild honeymoon was that! The first stage involved a long ride of over two hundred and fifty miles to Pittsburgh; the coach was upset and the bride bruised, but she kept her gallantry. Was she not



facing a free world, a world bounded only by a still receding frontier, with the man she loved? At Pittsburgh, the Audubons joined company with a number of other travelers, also going West. The party set forth down the Ohio upon a kind of flatboat, called then an "ark." For as much as a thousand miles the river wound between fair, unspoiled banks, forested and alive with game, where only here and there a twirl of smoke, or the lowing of cattle, gave sign of some lonely habitation. The boatman's horn sounded softly in great, pure silence, and the cries of the birds came to the ears of Audubon like a welcome, like a challenge.

In Louisville, Kentucky—then a village with not more than a thousand neighbors in it—John and Lucy settled, and with the highest hopes the firm of Audubon and Rozier opened business. The two young men set up a store, trading in the plain, practical goods most needed in a frontier town. Rozier, who had good French commercial blood in his veins, went at his job with proper application. But young Audubon—he confesses it himself in his journals—dreamed much of his time away, gazing out of his window at the bird-haunted forest, or was wholly absent in the woods with his gun; always he watched the birds, always he drew them, as many as one a day.

A business in which one partner is an idler, or at least is more occupied with other interests than with the business, has a bad enough prospect before it; add to this that the country was on the verge of a depression. As the portfolio of bird drawings grew fatter, the funds of Audubon and Rozier dwindled. Lucy's portion of the estate anticipated from her father was gladly given to bolster up the shaky firm. Lucy herself, a lady born, descendant of the Bakewells of Castle Donnington in Leicestershire, England—Lucy, young, untried, untaught in the primitive arts of frontier housewifery—gave more (Continued on page 43)



TOP, LEFT: A PAIR OF BLACK-BILLED CUCKOOS PURSUE AN INSECT AMONG THE MAGNOLIA BLOSSOMS

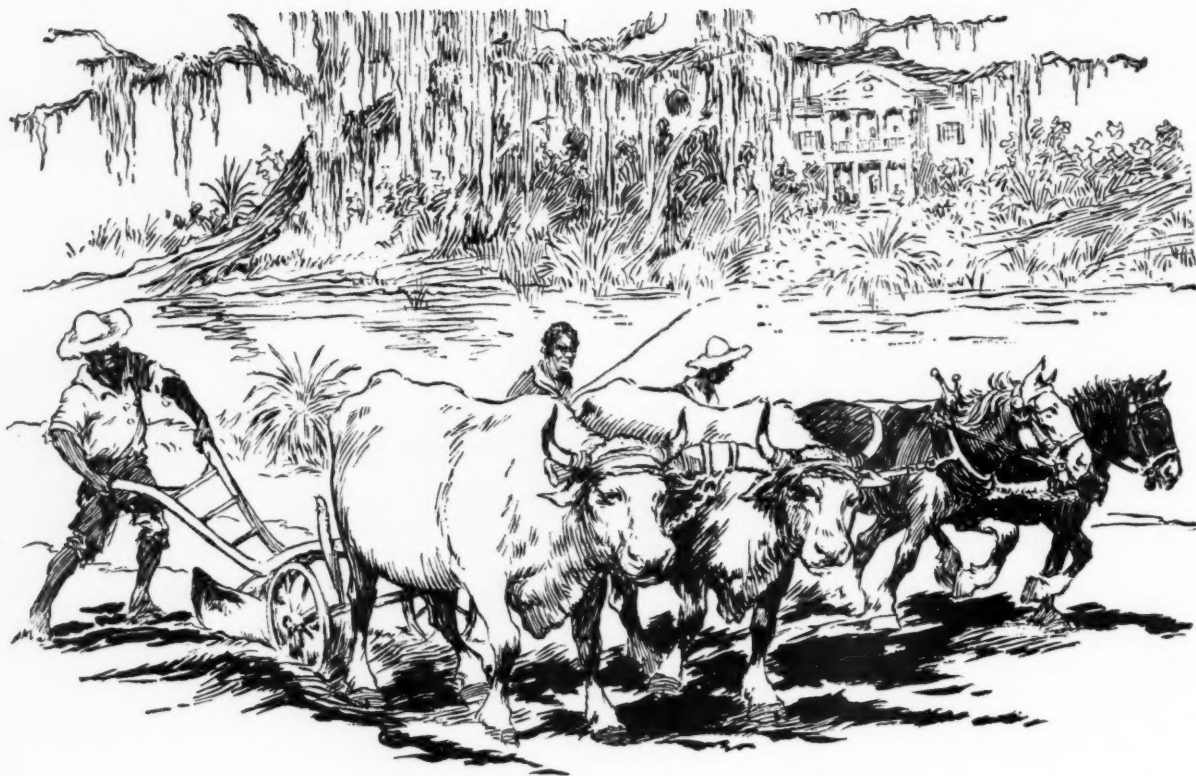


ABOVE: A MALE AND FEMALE CARDINAL GROSBEEK SEEM TO WATCH OVER THE PORTRAIT OF THE MAN WHO LOVED AND PAINTED THEM SO WELL. WITH DIRECT AND YOUTHFUL GAZE AUDUBON LOOKS OUT FROM THIS REPRODUCTION OF A RARE ENGRAVING FROM THE MINIATURE PAINTED BY FREDERICK CRUICKSHANK ABOUT THE YEAR 1831



LEFT: PRAIRIE CHICKENS. AUDUBON WAS ONE OF THE FIRST BIRD PAINTERS TO USE NATURAL BACKGROUNDS FOR HIS BIRD SUBJECTS

LEFT: LIKE A JAPANESE PRINT, AND ONE OF THE MOST ARTISTIC OF ANY OF THE BIRD STUDIES BY AUDUBON IS THIS PAINTING OF A FORK-TAILED FLYCATCHER



BLUE BLOSSOMS *in* CAROLINA

By GERTRUDE TUCKER

*A story of early days in the South
and a great achievement made possible
by a girl's courage and energy*

THE March morning was so bright that Eliza Lucas, looking through the diamond-shaped panes in her bedroom windows, thought she would like nothing better than to order the team of matched bay horses harnessed to the four-wheeled chaise her mother had bought last year in London, and drive into Charles Town for a visit with her cousin, Susan Bartlett. Along the wooded road, the crêpe myrtle and the jasmine were in bloom, but she knew that such a jaunt was impossible as important matters at home demanded her attention.

Eliza finished dressing, turned back the covers on the four-poster bed to air, and went lightly down the shallow steps of the circular staircase. A glance at the grandfather clock in the corner of the hall told her the hour was five. The entrance door stood wide open, with the stanch oaken bar that protected it from possible Spanish raiders fastened back by a hasp against the casing. Mammy and Uncle James had risen before her, and the house was in order. Eliza could hear Mammy's voice raised in song. The words came clearly across the garden from the washhouse, "God's chillun are a-crossin' ober Jordan."

She stepped across the veranda and followed the sanded path between the boxwood borders in quest of Mammy's song. Along this path her father had planted his precious Holland bulbs two years before, when he had been home on a furlough from his duties as colonel of the British regiment stationed on the island of Antigua in the West Indies. The bulbs, she noticed, were sending up their spiked leaves. Eliza wished her father might see his hyacinths and tulips when

they came to bloom, but there would be no leave of absence for Colonel Lucas this year. The Spaniards were fighting against the English for possession of the islands.

Springtide always brought to her this longing for the presence of her father. They loved the same things, especially the wide fields along the Wappoo Creek and the deep wooded areas that followed the Ashley River. Colonel Lucas had bought the plantation, brought his invalid wife there, and summoned Eliza and her sister Polly home from London where they were at school. The furlough had lasted a whole winter and Eliza had come very close to her father, for her sixteen years made her more of a companion to him than fourteen-year-old Polly. Never would she forget what he had said to her just before his return to the West Indies, when he told her that, in his absence, complete charge of the plantation must be in her young hands.

"I am sorry, daughter, that this responsibility must come to you before you are a woman grown. You have the rare gift of common sense and I depend upon you to make a success of the plantation. There is nothing I can do about it. I must stay in the army, your brothers must receive their education in England, and the climate of Antigua is too hot

Illustrated by
W. M. BERGER



AS FAR AS ELIZA COULD SEE, THE FERTILE LAND WAS YIELDING ITSELF TO THE PLOWS DRAWN BY OXEN AND TEAMS OF DRAFT HORSES

for your mother—she will not recover her health if we live there. So we cannot be together. This plantation has fertile soil and will support us all. Rice has always been grown here, and we can fall back on that if everything else fails. But I would like to see you grow indigo. The season here is shorter, but I am sure it can be grown as it is in the West Indies."

Eliza answered, "I will try my best, Father. Tell me about indigo. When we all lived together in Antigua I was too little to know about it."

"It is the most important dyestuff we have," he had said. "All the blue colors are made from it. The methods used in the West Indies to make the dye are crude, but I know of no better ones. The seed comes from India, and I will get it

for you from the next trading ship that puts in at Antigua. England will pay a good price for indigo that is raised in her colonies—and who knows, daughter, you may be the person to bring fame and wealth to Carolina!"

Eliza had planted the indigo, as they agreed, but the result was not good. First, heavy rains flooded the salt marshes of the Wappoo Creek and killed the plants along the shore line; and the second supply of seed reached her so late in the summer that the frost of early November destroyed nearly all of the crop. Her father sent seed from the West Indies this time, but the price he paid for it was much higher than the stock from India and the crop could not be sold at a profit. The people of the West Indies did not want the planters of Carolina to compete with them in the business of selling dye to England.

It was discouraging. Eliza sighed as she strolled down the path. This year she would plant most of the outlying land in rice so they would have money enough to live upon if the indigo crop should fail again.

By the time she reached the washhouse, Mammy had taken "God's chillun" across the Jordan. Her turbaned head bobbed up and down over the big tub, where she was rinsing the clothes after the four young colored women who helped her had beaten them white in the huge containers of steaming soft soap and hot water. They all looked up with smiling faces when their young mistress looked in at the open door and wished them good morning.

Eliza walked along to the factory shed. Just now it was not in use, but by the middle of June, when the indigo would be ready, this big building would teem with activity. Large vats, raised above ovens, took up the middle space; in them the plants must steep for a day. The next row of vats was in the open air and set lower than the first ones, so the fluid indigo might flow freely through the pipes that joined them. Everything was in order, a full three months ahead of time.

The sun was higher now, and Eliza thought her mother must have risen and would be wanting breakfast. When she reached the big house, Polly came running downstairs. She was as dark as Eliza was fair and somehow resembled a full-blown rose. Fragile Mrs. Lucas followed. The cool weather of the Carolina winters was already benefiting her, but her blue eyes were still too large in her thin face and the veins in her slender hands were raised like strands of yarn. After breakfast she picked up her knitting, a waistcoat she was making for the Colonel. It was a very special waistcoat, for the long-staple cotton raised on Sea Island was dyed with the precious bit of indigo that Eliza had salvaged from the frost last season. The yarn was a deep, rich blue, the color of the night sky.

"Have I your consent to put the two outlying plantations into rice this year, Mamma?" asked Eliza, after breakfast.

"You have my consent, certainly, but why not indigo?"

"There is a secret reason," Eliza answered. "I want to use all the June indigo for seed. Rice will give us money to pay for George's and Tom's tuition in England, and will keep Father in funds for his regimental expenses. I'll need some help from you and Polly, Mamma. Perhaps this year we will need fewer fine clothes. Then maybe next year I'll give you a fleet of ships to bring merchandise from London."

Mrs. Lucas spoke gently. "Of course Polly and I will help. We are still a long way from rags and tatters. Do you know that the planters of this colony are watching your experiment with great interest, daughter? Colonel Pinckney told me so yesterday. If indigo can be grown successfully here, it will make Carolina rich."

"I have it all figured out on paper," Eliza cried, "and I'm writing Father to-night. I will share the June seed with the other planters, and show them how to prepare the dye for shipment. We must make enough dye to send a sample to London, if I can find the right man to take it. England offers a bounty for home-grown indigo. But I'm working with a living thing, Mamma, and the seasons take so long to roll around. I am learning that patience comes out of the earth."

"We are very proud of you, daughter, and—" Mrs. Lucas stopped speaking, her attention arrested by the arrival of a horse at the side door. "That must be Jacob, returning from Charles Town with the post."

Polly came running in with a full mail pouch. Presently her mother looked up from her letters.

"We are invited to Drayton Hall, girls, to spend a festal day on the fifteenth of April. We will go by water and then the trip will not tire me. I hope for a number of young men for you to practice your coquetry upon!"

"Polly can have the coquetry," Eliza laughed. "I am going now to flirt with my indigo!"

She tied a broad straw hat over her fair hair, raised the loops of her hoop skirt and fastened them to the waistband so that her small feet, in their buckled shoes, might have a free step through the sand. In the blazing sunshine she walked to the highest of a series of dunes that lay between Wappoo Creek and the Ashley River. From this point, she had a sweeping view of the home plantation. As far as she could see, the fertile land was yielding itself to plows drawn by heavy draft horses and oxen under the guidance of young Negroes, their brightly colored shirts making spots of vivid red and blue against the dark earth. Across the cloudless sky the sea gulls sailed, giving their harsh cries. Eliza turned to look upon the ocean that she loved. This morning the water was as blue as the sky, with high surf breaking into sprays of green and lavender. A white-sailed ship was passing up the coast toward Charles Town, six miles beyond at the mouth of the Ashley. Close to the shore the gaily hued sails of the fishing boats gleamed in the sun. Eliza knew that when the men raised their nets the meshes would be full of silvery shrimps.

The month that passed before the promised visit to Drayton Hall was a busy one and, when the fifteenth of April came, Eliza was quite ready for a day's outing. The sowing of the indigo seed was finished; she had watched to guard against waste when the Negroes swung along the shallow furrows, baskets held against the left hip, the precious little globes spread with their right hands. After each sower went another man to rake the earth into a fine covering. She had waited anxiously, day by day, for the fall of light rain followed by hot sunshine, and now she was rewarded by the sight of the green mist that spread over the fields. As she helped her mother into the galley for the trip to Drayton Hall, Eliza cast a possessive look across her wide acres.

This galley was really a canoe that had been made, many years before, by hollowing out a cypress tree that once had spread its feathery top thirty feet toward the sky; above the seats in the bow, a sheet of red cloth was stretched between

(Continued on page 40)





By FRANCES FITZPATRICK WRIGHT

MISS DOWNING SPEAKING

"INVESTOR'S BANK AND TRUST COMPANY," I SAID PROUDLY. "MISS DOWNING SPEAKING"

"A human and homelike touch is needed around a bank," Lucy Ellen decided as she commenced her first job, and she proceeded to supply it in this hilarious story

Illustrated by PELAGIE DOANE

THERE were several reasons why I decided I would try to get a job this summer. In the first place I longed to be financially independent. I don't mean to complain at all, but my allowance has always been very small. If Father didn't have such rigid views about charge accounts, I could have got along better. But as it was, I'd get my money on Monday and by about Thursday afternoon I'd be penniless. I mean I'd have to borrow a quarter here and there just to go to a picture show—and in a way it's humiliating, though most of my friends do the same. Father calls it anticipating your income. He says it is a fatal practice and shows lack of character. Father is always telling us how he got along swimmingly, when he was young, on a tenth what we spend and never went into debt for anything. Father ought to write another "Poor Richard's Almanac." He's exactly like Benjamin Franklin in many ways.

Anyway, I thought it would be glorious to have, say, ten dollars a week to spend as I pleased. Of course I didn't think I could spend all that, but I could start a savings account with what was left over. Right away, I began trying to decide if I'd rather go to the Rose Bowl game on my savings, or to the Sugar Bowl. And then I began trying to decide how to go about getting the job.

I borrowed a book from the library called, "Do You Want a Career?" I decided I didn't. I mean the book was very discouraging. It had chapters on how to become a lawyer, a nurse, an opera singer, an actress, an interior decorator—and all of them take years of preparation. It seems you have to start at the bottom and work like a slave until you are thirty or so, and forego having a husband and children—which I think is a woman's proper destiny—and how could you be sure of success after all? I just wanted to make some money until time to go off to college in the fall, in case Father can let me.

I called up Fanny. "Listen, Fanny," I said, "I don't want a career, but I do want a job."

"Don't we all?" said Fanny. (But she really doesn't, because her aunt gives her money constantly.) "What kind of job do you have in mind?"

"I'm not particular," I said, "just so it's honest and dignified, and not too hard and right well paid."

Fanny laughed. "'Man wants but little here below,'" she quoted. "Can you take dictation?"

"Well, you know I took the business course at high school," I said. "I didn't do so well, but at least I passed. I can take about a hundred words a minute, unless I get excited."

"That's fair," said Fanny. "You come in to my house this afternoon around two. I'll take you to see Uncle Josh Rutledge at the bank. I hear he is going to hire someone. Miss Hoffstetter is getting married sometime soon."

"Miss Hoffstetter!" I exclaimed. "Fanny, you don't mean it! To whom?"

"A salesman named Gracey, or something like that," Fanny replied. "He's a widower with five children. It's a marriage of convenience, don't you suppose?"

"It's bound to be," I said. "But to get back to the job. What does it pay?"

"Well, nothing right at first, I'm afraid," Fanny told me. "It seems you work for experience three or four weeks; then, if you can qualify, you get paid maybe seven dollars a week, and work up to fifteen by the time you are thirty."

"Fanny," I said indignantly, "I don't mean to criticize your relative, but that sounds horribly unfair. That's not so much more than Mother pays Aunt Susan."

"Cooks are different, my pet," Fanny answered. "There are never enough of them to go 'round. Whereas you and I are surplus commodities. There are too many girls who want jobs."

"But I thought bankers paid a lot," I protested. "Every time I go into the bank, I see them counting stacks of money, simply stacks."

"Well, it isn't all theirs, of course," Fanny explained. "Besides, bankers don't go in for equal distribution of wealth, or anything like that."

"Seven dollars would be better than nothing," I said. "I've asked Pete and several other people about where I could get a job. They all said nowhere. So I'll come in, if you'll promise to do the asking."

"I promise, toots," agreed Fanny.

I could scarcely eat a bite of lunch. I had that all-is-lost feeling I get when I'm going to the dentist's. I dressed with great care, because the book had a lot to say about how much appearances count. I put on my navy blue silk with a fresh collar and cuff set, and did my hair the way it makes me look old and settled.

When Fanny saw me she said, "With a pair of spectacles, anyone would mistake you for Miss Hoffstetter herself."

She got into the Chariot with me and we took off to the

bank. My knees shook as we went in. I have very unreliable knees. They always shake in a crisis. Fanny's never do. She walked boldly into her uncle's outer office and right up to Miss Hoffstetter. When I looked at her, I shuddered to think that the business world might have that effect on me. I mean she's so neat and chilly and uninviting—something like a tombstone, if you know what I mean. Her hair is so set in its ways that it suggests a wig, and she wears thick lenses that make her eyes look small and pale. The most you could say for her dress was that it looked serviceable.

"Mr. Rutledge is in conference just now," she told us. "If you will be seated, you can see him at two-thirty. I will be out a few minutes on an errand." She put on her hat and went out.

"Fanny," I whispered, when she had gone, "if I start working here, will that ever happen to me? I mean I can't bear the thought of looking like that. And I wouldn't care for a widower, either."

"Don't worry, my sweet," said Fanny. "You'll be the kind that marries the boss and lives happy ever after."

At that I think I must have turned pale, because even a widower with five children seemed no worse than Mr. Rutledge. Fanny looked at me and burst out laughing. Then she clapped her hand over her mouth. "Not Uncle Josh, goop," she said. "Nobody could marry him, not even the former Mrs. Simpson. Not that any one wants to, of course."

The man who was talking in earnest tones to Mr. Rutledge finally came out, and Fanny led the way into her uncle's private office. I followed along. My tongue felt sort of like an electric heating pad, very thick and fuzzy. I could not utter a sound.

Fanny sat down and made herself at home. "We heard that you are looking for a stenographer, Uncle Josh," she said. "Lucy Ellen has had a two years' business course. She's very intelligent. I thought you might like to hire her."

At that Mr. Rutledge turned his cautious gray eyes on me.

He put his finger tips together and cleared his throat. "You think, young lady, that you would like office work?" he said. "Not every girl is suited to routine duties."

"I think I am," I said faintly.

He smiled a little in a guarded sort of way, and asked me several questions about my business course. At last he wrote down my telephone number and said he would let me know his decision.

I thought I'd never hear from him, but if you'll believe me, he called me the next Friday and asked if I could report to him at 8:30 on Monday morning. "Miss Hoffstetter will be here two weeks longer," he said. "In that time you will acquaint yourself with her duties—serve an apprenticeship, as it were. You understand that for that period there will be no remuneration?"

"Yes, Mr. Rutledge," I said, "I understand. I will be there. Thank you very much."

And I was there, ahead of time. I mean the janitor and I met at the door. Fanny had told me that Mr. Rutledge can not abide people who are not punctual, and that in seventeen years Miss Hoffstetter had never been late. Living up to Miss Hoffstetter, I could see, was going to be a strain.

At 8:20 Miss Hoffstetter came in. She said good morning in a formal way and hung her hat on the rack. She put on some paper cuff protectors, and then she began to acquaint me with my duties without delay.

"I always open the mail first," she said, "and sort out the letters which require Mr. Rutledge's personal attention." At that I brightened. The postman came in with a good-sized stack of letters. I love opening my mail, and I thought it would be fun even to open someone else's. But Mr. Rutledge's mail is nothing at all like mine. It was mostly circulars and letters from people wanting him to buy bonds. If I had any money to invest, I know I'd never spend it for anything as dull as copper or nitrate. Some of the letters were from people who had borrowed money, or wanted to

borrow some. I didn't dream so many of our friends were head over heels in debt. I would never betray any business secrets, because Mr. Rutledge explained all that to me—I mean it's unethical to tell anything you know, if you have a job—but I will never again be embarrassed about our mortgage, because now I know everyone else has one just as big, or bigger. Appearances certainly are deceitful. I mean you absolutely cannot judge by the cars people ride in.

About the time we finished the mail, Mr. Rutledge came in. "Good morning, young ladies," he said, and disappeared like a mole into his private office.

The telephone rang. Involuntarily my pulse quickened. I mean at home when the telephone rings, I always think it might be someone asking me for a date, and right often it is. But I remembered that there isn't supposed to be any love interest around a bank. Miss Hoffstetter said, "The Investor's Bank and Trust Company. Just a minute. I'll connect you." She touched a buzzer and Mr. Rutledge lifted his receiver. I thought I couldn't wait to do the buzzer. I mean it gives you a sense of importance to man-



FANNY LED THE WAY INTO HER UNCLE'S PRIVATE OFFICE AND I FOLLOWED HER



ONCE MR. RUTLEDGE FOUND ME CRYING WITH MY HEAD ON THE DESK

age the affairs of a busy executive. I began to think I might enjoy being in business.

When it came to taking the dictation of the busy executive, I wasn't so good. The first letter I had to take was to the Farragut National Bank in New York City. Imagine your first letter going to anyone so important! And there lay some letters Miss Hoffstetter had done and they, of course, were perfect. I had an attack of stage fright. I mean my pencil shook so that my first page looked as if it had been written during an earthquake. And I had forgotten, if I'd ever known, what symbols you use for "investor's syndicate," and that was what the letter was about. To make matters worse the typewriter was different from the one I had learned on, and I was always putting in an exclamation point or something. The third copy I made I decided would do. I took it in to Mr. Rutledge to read and sign.

Suddenly he stiffened in his chair. "Just here, Miss Downing," he said, "is a mistake that changes the sense of the letter. This should be 'unearned increment' not 'un-earned interment.'"

He read on, but pretty soon he stiffened again. "Right here, Miss Downing, is an even more serious error," he said. "The correct phrase is 'your indubitable veracity', not 'your dubious veracity'!" (Those two words always did mix me up, *dubious, indubitable*, they sound just alike.)

"I'm so sorry," I murmured. I retreated to the typewriter and made a fresh copy. I could see that if every letter was going to take that long, the postman would soon have to use a snowplow to get in the door. I felt terribly discouraged and ignorant. And I had a sinking feeling that, when the week was out, Mr. Rutledge would tell me not to come back. That night I worked until twelve, practicing my brief forms and taking dictation from the radio announcer. It would be pretty bad to be fired even before your salary began.

One thing I discovered, time passes much faster when you

have a job. Pretty soon it was Saturday. Nothing was said to me about not coming back, so I came. And before I knew it another week had passed, and the day had come for Miss Hoffstetter to leave. If you will believe me, she had worked for Mr. Rutledge seventeen years. Ever since I was born. The dread premonition came to me that I might not get to go to college and I might not get married—I might just stay there and work seventeen years. The idea was so terrifying that I almost resigned and left with Miss Hoffstetter. But when I thought that now, if ever, my salary was going to begin, the thought was so alluring that I stayed.

Neither Miss Hoffstetter nor Mr. Rutledge is at all the emotional type. When she was ready to leave, she just said, "Good-by, Mr. Rutledge. I have enjoyed working for you." To which he replied, "Thank you, Miss Hoffstetter. Your services have been eminently satisfactory. I wish you happiness." Wouldn't you have thought that, after seventeen years, they might have shed a tear or something?

I felt awfully important when I walked in Monday morning and took charge. I had brought in two little green vases filled with daisies. I put one on my desk and one on Mr. Rutledge's, to give a more human and homelike touch. A human and homelike touch is needed, believe me, around a bank. I used to think I'd never be a nurse because I could not stand to see people suffer, but I've decided a hospital is no worse than a bank, if you count mental anguish as equal to physical torture. The partition between the two offices is just halfway up, and people talk so loud I could not help hearing every word they said. I fell to biting my finger nails when the going was too tough for some of our clients.

I'll never forget the young man who wanted to borrow a hundred dollars. He was in tatters, and his wife has tuberculosis and they have four children, and his mother-in-law came to help them out and fell and broke her hip. Well, you can see how desperately he needed some money, but Mr. Rutledge refused the loan just because the young man could never pay it back. He called the Relief office and asked them to look into the case.

There were lots of people like that—the man who was trying to stave off foreclosure on his dairy herd, the woman who wanted to send her son to college, the boy who wanted some money to patent a new windshield wiper. None of them got a cent. Once Mr. Rutledge came out of his office and found me crying, with my head on the desk.

"Miss Downing," he said, in great embarrassment, "is anything wrong? Can I be of assistance?"

"Not to me, Mr. Rutledge," I said. "I'm all right. But I feel so worried about some of our clients. If I had a bank, I'd lend money to the poor ones, not the ones who don't really need it."

Mr. Rutledge patted my head in a fatherly way. "I'm sure that is true, my dear young lady," he said. "But if you did that, you would not have a bank very long. Then you could loan it to no one. Those people are bad risks. We cannot loan our good customers' money to them, because we have every reason to believe it would not be paid back. Banks have to be run by the dictates of the (Continued on page 39)



"IS THAT A HICCUP, OR ARE YOU REALLY TRYING TO SAY SOMETHING?" SHE DEMANDED AS SHE AND LOFTY STROLLED LAZILY HOMEWARD

LOFTY RYDER came out on to the piazza, squinted up at the sun which was brilliant—out at the water which was blue and breezy—and grinned comfortably as he contemplated a day of pleasure unalloyed. Suddenly the bland and complacent expression was wiped from his face, and was replaced by a look of suspicion mingled with gloating amusement, as his eye fell upon his young sister, Bushy who was apparently quite harmlessly scribbling in a small leather-bound volume as she sprawled in the hammock.

"At it again, I see!" he remarked loudly. "I should think you'd have something better to do, this fine morning."

"I have," said Bushy indistinctly, pointing out a cache of assorted edibles parked beside her on the hammock.

A flicker of disgust passed over Loft's sunburned countenance. "Revolted," he commented. "And breakfast not an hour ago. Pass over one of those cheese crackers."

"Too soon after *your* breakfast," Bushy retorted.

"Then may one see what the little authoress has been up to?" Loft crooned, moving slowly nearer.

"One may *not*," said his sister firmly, spreading a brown paw over the open page.

"One should never consign to paper anything of which one is ashamed," Loft informed her ponderously.

"Rubbish!" said Bushy. "Let me alone! As a matter of fact, I was composing some verses on the beauties of nature."

"Humph," grunted Loft skeptically.

"Listen," Bushy said, struggling up and pushing her tousled hair out of her eyes. "Listen, then, you meddlesome creature!

"The sea is blue, likewise the sky,

"The gulls are flying very high;

"A perfect day to be afloat—

"I think I'll go and row my boat."

"Why in creation don't you, then," Loft advised, "instead

of writing such inferior poetry about it? Is that *all* you've been writing?"

"Well, of course," mused Bushy, reaching for another cracker, "I *might* add:

"My brother Edward is a pain,

"He's interfering 'round again;

"With seas so blue and skies so fair,

"Twere better if he wasn't there."

"Hah!" cried Loft. "The beauties of nature, indeed! So you've written *that*, have you? You must have—you couldn't just reel it off on the spur of the moment. Come on now, lemme see the book. I feel just in the mood for light reading."

With a squeak, Bushy lay on the book in question—a maneuver which gained her nothing, for in a moment Loft swooped upon her, and there ensued a lively free-for-all which soon had them scuffling on the piazza floor. In the midst of the *melée*, Mrs. Ryder appeared at the door and stood amazed to see her offspring struggling on the weathered floor boards.

"Why, *children!*" she exclaimed, and the pair sprang to their feet, panting, rumpled, and giggling. "This seems to be an undignified fracas," said Mrs. Ryder. "Anyone would suppose you were about six years old."

"And for the Secretary of the Offshore Club," gasped Bushy, "such conduct is certainly unbecoming."

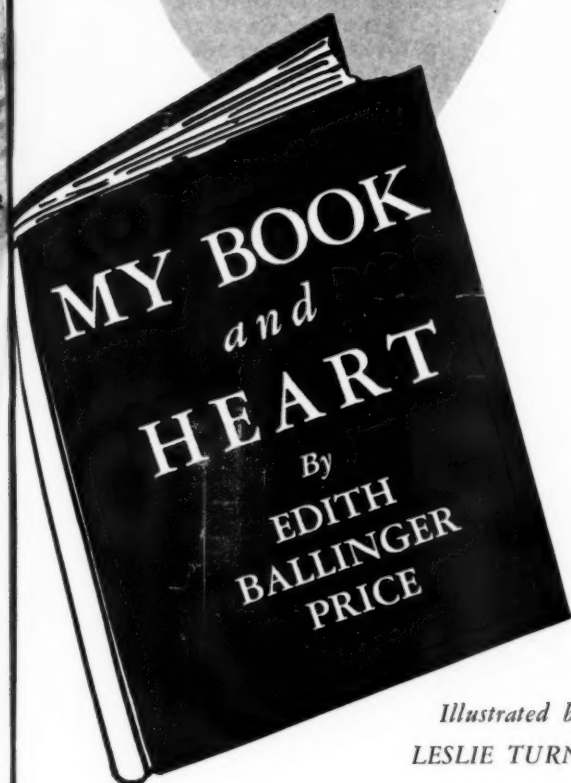
Loft's neck grew a deeper red. He held the office his sister mentioned.

"Er—where persuasion fails, force prevails," he mumbled. "Merely trying to prove something."

"Merely acting like the Wild Man of Borneo," Bushy protested. "I was about to prove it to you, when you set upon me. Look here!"

Holding her small leather-bound book at a safe distance,

When Bushy felt the literary urge and began composing verses about Lofty—that was too much for his manly dignity! He took steps that proved a boomerang



Illustrated by
LESLIE TURNER

she exhibited its open leaves. The verse about the perfect day was the only one which appeared thereon. The previous page held directions for splicing rope.

"Hmph!" said Lofty, peering forward. "Quite a useful compendium, eh? And quite a little lightning poet, too. Ah, what a rare treat I shall have when I get my hands on that book!"

"Don't tease Bushy, dear," said Mrs. Ryder, preparing to withdraw into the house again. "Can't you ever coöperate with each other?"

"Coöperate!" echoed Lofty. "Ho! Will *she* coöperate by giving me the exquisite pleasure of perusing her literary efforts? Not she!" He wagged an accusing finger toward the book Bushy was clutching. "She has the nerve to write uncomplimentary doggerel about *me* in that thing; no wonder she doesn't want me to get my hands on it."

"Not at all, not at all," protested Bushy. "This book,

Mother, is merely the companion of my solitude. I jot down Thoughts about Life, and useful items I learn. Of course, sometimes, the Thoughts about Life do include Lofty—I can't help that, can I?"

"No, I shouldn't suppose you could," her mother smiled. "Lofty, I really don't see why you should interfere with your sister's private book. Now go along, both of you, and behave yourselves. You've wasted enough of my time, and yours, this glorious morning."

"I shall possess myself of that scrapbook, never fear," said Lofty complacently.

"Scrapbook is right," grumbled Bushy, "with you making the scrap. You'll have to find your light literature elsewhere, my boy. I'm off to the boat."

She stuck the debated volume into the pocket of her slacks, scooped up the remaining crackers, and bounded off the piazza steps in the direction of the shore.

Safely afloat in the small, ugly, but satisfactory craft in which she took such pride, Bushy shipped her oars, lay down on the sun-warmed bottom of the boat with her head on a thwart, and drew from her pocket the disputed notebook. With it came the remnants of a currant bun—an unexpected and pleasing result. Bushy held the book above her face and turned its pages slowly. It was only this summer that the idea of having such a volume had occurred to her, and she took a deep and unreasonable pleasure in it and its contents.

The contents were, indeed, as varied as those of a general store. Next to a poem by Walter de la Mare came one by Bushy Ryder, and after that some jottings on the buoy markings of the harbor on which she was at present afloat. Sandwiched in between a recipe for cooking wild strawberries by exposing them to the sun, and a note on the record voyages of the *Flying Cloud*, came a long description of sunset on Gull Island, by Bushy Ryder. This she found very beautiful, and pored over it with satisfaction while the crumbs of the last cracker sprinkled down her neck.

"All roseate and saffron, the sun sinks in regal splendor behind the empurpled mainland. The gulls seem hovering specks of molten gold. Now the shining clouds tremble and touch the glimmering sea like the sweep of an angel's wing. I am alone, alone—"

That was a fine bit, she thought. She scarcely believed it could have been herself who had written it, it sounded so sad and so romantic—whereas Bushy was seldom either. It was most inconvenient that Lofty should have taken this sudden determination to get hold of her book. His peculiarities were many, but his sister had never counted curiosity as one of them. He usually regarded all her activities as beneath his notice; he seldom stooped even to the indignity of teasing her, so she could not understand why he was so systematically set on seeing her precious volume. As a matter of fact, she would have gone to any lengths rather than let him get it into his clutches. She knew just what he would say about such effusions as the description of sunset on Gull Island, and the poem about the Lonely Lobsters, and such verses as the ones on which her eye now fell.

"My true love is a fisherman

"Who toils upon the seas;

"He bands and steers and reefs and sails,

"And works his nets with ease.

"His eyes are blue, his hair is black,

"His height is six foot three—

"Alas, if he should not come back,

"What would become of me?"

No such fisherman existed, and Bushy would not have cared a snap for him if he had—but she could guess just what would happen if Edward Lofting Ryder should light upon this effort. Bushy often felt that all imagination had been left out of her brother Lofty, and sometimes she wondered

whether his sense of humor were not altogether missing also.

She thought, now, that she might indite some *Lines upon Unexpectedly Finding a Currant Bun* and got as far, mentally, as composing—

"O Bun, O Lovely Bun, tho' somewhat stale,
"Thou art a subject for a poet's tale—"

Then, finding she had no pencil with which to commit her ecstasies to paper, she abandoned the ode and ate the bun. Following a period of sunlit semi-sleep and meditation, she rowed briskly for an hour and finished off the morning by taking a prolonged swim with the crowd at the boathouse.

When she kicked open the door of her dressing cubicle, to her outraged surprise she beheld her brother Lofty, also in a dripping bathing suit, rummaging through the pockets of her slacks. She wrung the salt from her eyes to be sure she saw correctly.

"Well, you *are* a species of creeping crayfish!" she cried. "This really is beneath your dignity! After my little book, I presume? I gave you credit for more intelligence. Do you suppose I'd leave it hanging up on a peg, in a place where any prowling beach comber like yourself could get at it?"

Lofty was considerably shaken at being caught in a petty act which was indeed out of keeping with his years and reputation. For once he was at a loss for his usually ready sarcasm.

"All's fair in love and war," he cackled uneasily.

"H'm!" said Bushy. "There doesn't seem to be much *love* about it—and if it's war, all right, my boy, you'll get what's coming."

"What I'll get is that darling little booklet with all the Thoughts about Life in it," said Lofty.

"My Thoughts about You couldn't be put in a book. Go hang yourself up to dry," Bushy advised him tartly as he departed toward his own cubicle. "Hmph," she grunted, rubbing her salty hair violently with a large bath towel. Lofty could not know, of course, that the famous Book was in the bow locker of her boat, hidden inside the bailer with an old piece of canvas wrapped around it.

The campaign now became open and active—a determined sort of game in which *Hide and Seek*, *Hunt the Slipper*, and *Button, Button, Who's Got the Button* were combined with amateur sleuth work and untiring ingenuity. Just when Lofty was convinced that the maddening volume was nowhere within a mile, Bushy would produce it at the lunch table where direct attack under the parental eye was impossible. She would jot down something in it—and after luncheon it would have disappeared again. But Bushy, thoughtful and apparently reminiscent, would recite:

"Bushy has a Little Book,
"In it Lofty longs to look—
"But Lofty's never seen it once,
"Because, alas, he's such a dunce."

The strain began to wear Edward Lofting Ryder to a shad-

ow. If only he could be certain that Bushy did not also recite such efforts to his friends! Surely, she wouldn't have the nerve—but you never could tell, with that one. For Lofty was convinced that his sister's little book fairly bristled with mocking satire at his expense. Every other page bore, he was sure, some of the unflattering doggerel she seemed so easily able to toss off. Therein lay the secret reason for his pursuit of the volume. He pretended he merely wanted to tease Bushy by reading her scribblings; actually he was inwardly writhing lest she had been entertaining the boathouse crowd with some of those Thoughts about Life which included him. For Lofty's self-esteem was considerable—indeed, he was quite the center of his own universe—and the suspicion that his insignificant young sister might be making him the laughingstock of his circle was becoming a positive nightmare to him. Did she confide her choicest bits to—to Margie Olmsted, for instance? A horrid thought, that made Lofty's blood run cold under his sunburn. How to make certain, without betraying his own possibly ridiculous misgivings—that was the question.

He tried to make a light approach to it, as he and Margie talked over plans for the forthcoming marshmallow roast.

"Heh, heh!" he chuckled, during a pause. "Quite a poet my little sister's getting to be, you know?"

"Isn't Bushy a riot?" laughed Marjorie. "I get *such* a kick out of her, always."

("Oh, you do," thought Lofty. "Well, that might mean anything.") He continued aloud, offhand, "Ever seen that crazy old book she's always scribbling in nowadays?"

"How she does scratch in it!" agreed Margie, far too readily. "It seems to be her constant companion. Well, I suppose she likes to carry it around with her, in order to put down momentary impressions, as one does with a diary sometimes."

"Momentary rubbish!" said Lofty. "You ever seen any of 'em?"

"Oh, yes," Margie replied cheerfully, and Lofty felt suddenly sick. "She showed me a marvelous recipe for fudge-nut-caramel delights. I think she hoped I'd make some for her. Poor Bushy—she does so love to eat, but she hates to cook."

"Recipes!" snorted Lofty. "I bet she has more in it than recipes!"

"Oh, I dare say," agreed Margie. "Of course I didn't ask to see anything else."

("I hope you're speaking the truth, Margie Olmsted," Lofty groaned inwardly.) "Well," he went on, unsatisfied but not wanting to pursue the subject of Bushy and her book unnaturally far, "well, talking of recipes, what about this marshmallow roast? Should there be other grub besides the marshmallows, do you think?"

Bushy, to her extreme pleasure, was included in the party. It was, as Lofty reluctantly admitted, (*Continued on page 36*)



"WELL, YOU *ARE* A SPECIES OF CREEPING CRAYFISH!"
BUSHY CRIED. LOFTY FOR ONCE COULD FIND NO WORDS



"THE COUNTRY WAS BEAUTIFUL BEYOND DESCRIPTION—MAJESTIC MOUNTAINS CLAD IN THE DARK MYSTERY OF PINES AND THE GHOSTLY GLIMMER OF SILVERY BIRCHES, ROSE SHEER FROM LAKE AND RIVER"



CANADIAN

The author and her husband, escaping from civilization and the stresses of city life, take a canoe trip in the wilds of Canada

IT WAS four o'clock in the morning and inky dark as the tail-lights of the friendly train disappeared around a bend and left us, shivering, beside our piled-up duffel and canoe. We were a hundred miles from civilization, with the vast Province of Quebec spread around us. The Hudson's Bay Post was shrouded in black silence, broken only by the eerie howling of a distant dog and the receding rumble of the train. Our adventure had begun.

The idea of this canoe trip into the wilds of Canada had occurred to us months before, when March winds were still blustering down chimneys and sensible folk were concerned only with putting another log on the fire. And the more Jock and I thought about it, the more enthralling it became.

After days of discussion, we had decided on a region several hundred miles north of Montreal, where lay a chain of lakes and rivers a couple of hundred miles in extent, with not a sign of habitation except a Hudson's Bay Post. The fact that the route we finally charted was interspersed with a number of portages, one of them three miles long, meant nothing to us then. That came later.

Our route decided on—some five hundred miles by canoe—

ODYSSEY

By JILL
RANDOLPH

*Photographs by
courtesy of the
Canadian National
Railways, and the
AUTHOR*

the next thought was food and equipment for a month. One of the best parts of the trip was the fun we had getting ready. And now, at last, after weeks of preparation, here we were on the brink of our wilderness, waiting for daylight and the beginning of our odyssey.

We lacked the courage to rout the Post manager out of bed at four in the morning, so we prowled



RIGHT, CENTER: "JOCK THOUGHT HE HAD HOOKED A WHALE." RIGHT, BELOW: A FISHERMAN'S PARADISE. BELOW: "THE HUDSON'S BAY COMPANY POST WAS SHROUDED IN SILENCE, BROKEN ONLY BY THE HOWLING OF A DOG"





LEFT: "OUR WANDERINGS TOOK US FINALLY TO THE RIVER WHICH WE HAD PICKED, SIGHT UNSEEN, FROM A CANADIAN MAP. IT WAS A FOAMING MAELSTROM"

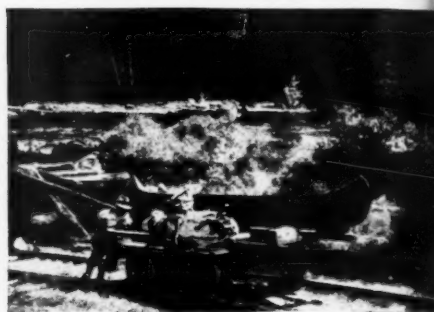
BELOW: A WIDE SLOPING BEACH, WITH TALL TREES LINED UP SOLIDLY IN THE BACKGROUND, PROVIDED A SHELTERED SPOT FOR THE TENT AND THE CANOE



DESERTED LOG CABIN IN THE WILDERNESS



JOCK AND JILL READY TO START THE ADVENTURE



WE LOADED DUFFEL AND CANOE ON THE FLAT

up and down the track in an effort to keep warm. Our wanderings took us finally to the river—which we had picked, sight unseen, from a map. And what a river! It was a foaming maelstrom. A log boom was stretched across it, with a five-foot gap at the near end, and through this gap the water boiled and eddied.

Neither of us said a word. We simply stood and looked. We had planned for three months and traveled some seven hundred miles—to meet annihilation, it seemed.

Daylight came at last, and with it welcome and a hearty breakfast at the Post; and then we launched the canoe, loaded in and lashed our packs, and pushed out into the river.

The first four miles were upstream against the swift current which had looked so formidable a few hours before, and while it didn't seem so fearsome by daylight, it still commanded respect. We followed the shore wherever possible, avoiding the main current and getting some help from the back eddies. The country was beautiful beyond description. Majestic mountains, clad in the dark mystery of pines and the ghostly glimmer of silvery birches, rose sheer from the river. Now and again an eagle or gull circled over us, and occasionally a covey of wild ducks honked their displeasure at our intrusion. Everywhere bear and moose tracks pitted the river banks. It was hard to believe that this lovely and untroubled country was part of the same world of dirt and chaos and discontent which we had left so short a time ago.

After a couple of hours of paddling, we heard a dull roar which told us we were nearing the Chute; and another half hour brought us into full view of it. The wide cataract leaped and tumbled between rugged walls of rock, its spray making a rainbow which arched across it like a gay ribbon. We paddled to the foot of it and into a back eddy where the

water was comparatively quiet, for here was our first portage. We beached and unloaded the canoe and, with a pack sack, each set off to have a look at the trail.

It skirted the river and climbed steeply upward, following the grade of the falls. The tumult of the water was so great that we had to shout, our voices sounding strangely out of place in this wild solitude.

Scarcely had we set foot ashore than we were assaulted by fierce clouds of mosquitoes and black flies, so we dosed ourselves liberally with a foul-smelling concoction we had picked up at the Post. It would be difficult to say which was more unpleasant—the insects, or the fly dope.

This first portage was about a mile and a half across, broken by a half-mile stretch of rapids to be navigated, and we soon began to feel the limitations of our city-bred bodies. The midday sun, which would have been so welcome a few hours before, beat down on us unmercifully and our pack straps bit into our unaccustomed shoulders. Sweat mixed with fly dope dripped into our eyes and ran in sticky rivulets down our backs. The flies and mosquitoes roosted on us in clusters and each of our feet weighed a ton. We were hot and tired and very unhappy.

At the end of the portage, there was another half mile of thundering river before we could hope to find quiet water and a good camp site, and Jock wanted to go on. But I couldn't move another inch. When we started that back-and-forth trekking about noon, we had been gay, blithe spirits. Five hours later, when we finished it, we were too sore and exhausted to care about ever seeing another acre of Canada. So we camped at the portage in the midst of those millions of vicious insects, too weary even to eat, and slept for fourteen hours without stirring.

We went on early next morning, sore in every muscle and still without food, for the insects were too bad to allow us to cook. Through rapid after rapid, fighting every foot of the way to keep from being swept out into the main current and over the Chute, at last we reached quiet water where hidden rocks and swirling currents no longer threatened us. We did another two or three miles before we found a likely place to cook breakfast, and it was noon before we finally ate—the first food since we had left the Post the morning before. That breakfast will always stand out as a major event in my life.

Late afternoon found us well up the river, where it broadened out into a placid lake. Jock made a few tentative casts for a supper fish and almost at once got a strike. We had been told of the size and gameness of the fish in these cold, northern waters, but we weren't prepared for the actuality. From the way this fellow fought Jock thought he had hooked a whale. Instead, the fish proved to be a northern pike, thirty-four inches long and weighing over fifteen pounds—and he looked quite capable of swallowing either of us at a gulp. When Jock cleaned him, later, there was a twelve-inch trout in his stomach.

We made camp in a quiet cove where a wide, curving beach stretched back from the water to the foot of the forest. Fuel was plentiful, and soon we had a fire

burning and the tent up. The insect plague had abated somewhat since reaching higher country, and our little camp that evening brought us a satisfaction such as we had never known.

We spent a couple of days there, resting after our grueling start, fishing and swimming and exploring. As we made our way back to our camp the second afternoon, something unfamiliar about the appearance of the lake caught my attention. Suddenly I realized that ahead of us was an island which had no right to be there, for it certainly had not been there when we left camp that morning. It was unsettling, particularly as Jock hadn't seemed to notice it, and I began to wonder if the hot sun had been too much for me. I pointed it out to him, and when he saw it, too, I felt better.

We approached it cautiously and found it to be about an acre in extent and thickly grown with bushes and small trees, the mass undulating gently to the rhythm of the waves. We decided that the high water level, at least a foot above normal, had undermined its sandy moorings and a high wind had set it adrift. As night fell it was still floating offshore, but in the morning it had vanished. We never knew whence it came nor where it went.

Next morning we started early as we had twelve miles of paddling and the two-and-a-half mile Snake Portage to Lake Manouan—one of the toughest on the trip, we discovered later—to cover before night. Our course lay across the widest part of the lake—some eight miles of open water—and outside our cove a heavy head wind was kicking up whitecaps. The canoe was loaded to the limit with a couple of hundred pounds of duffel and another three hundred pounds of us, so that we had barely four inches of freeboard. When we struck the open water, I thought our time had come. Fortunately our load was well distributed and everything lashed in and covered. Kneeling there in the (Continued on page 46)

LEFT: THE WILDERNESS POST OFFICE.
BELOW, LEFT: ABANDONED FLUME

BELOW, CENTER: WHERE JILL NEARLY STARTED A GOLD RUSH!
WASHING THEIR DISHES, SHE FOUND MICA IN THE SAND AND
MISTOOK IT FOR GOLD. BELOW, RIGHT: SOURDOUGH BREAD



A HAPPY HOME, "FAR FROM THE MADDING CROWD,"
WHERE THE AUTHOR AND HER HUSBAND SPENT
IDYLIC DAYS. RIGHT: THE ROARING RAPIDS OF
THE MANOUAN RIVER IN THE PROVINCE OF QUEBEC





"WELL?" INQUIRED MISS LEVER. JANEY TURNED TOWARD HER

JANEY LEWIS sat on a rock on Orient Point, the shining Sound lapping on the little stones below her and swelling away to the green line of Long Island. A warm wind tossed her hair—vivid burnt orange in the sunlight—and the sun glinted off her glasses.

She watched a sailboat coming from West Haven harbor, filled with shouting brown boys in bathing trunks and slacks, and as she watched, she was the picture of pensiveness and contemplation—that is, to anyone who might have noticed her small figure on its rocky perch, but not to her two best friends, Mac Porter and Candy Jameson.

These two lay on their stomachs, one on either side of Janey, and both felt that the grim narrowing of her eyes and the pursing of her lips meant danger to the peace and quiet of the late spring afternoon. She was, they knew, rapt in anything but poetic appreciation of the scene. When "Yes-We-Can" Janey Lewis of Troop 5, West Haven Girl Scouts, was quiet and contemplative, it was the quietness of a volcano about to erupt.

"What a waste!" she exclaimed suddenly.

"Waste of what?" asked Mac, rolling over on her back and squinting at a bit of passing cloud.

"This," sighed Janey, indicating with a sweep of her hand the whole blue expanse of the Sound.

"Well, what about it?" put in Candy.

"Here we sit," said Janey bitterly, "practically marooned on land—and there go the Sea Scouts in that new boat they've just chartered, off to the Sand Hole for the week-end."

"Oh, is that who those boys are in the sailboat?" Mac asked. "They seem to be having an awfully good time. I can hear them yelling way over here, and when boys yell you know they're having fun."

"They're singing," said Janey. "Listen."

"'And a-cruising we will go,'" came the voices. "'O-bo, o-bo, o-bo! And a-cruising we will go!'"

"What I say," Janey complained, "is why shouldn't we be 'a-cruising' ourselves? Why shouldn't we be out there on the water?"

"We could go up to the Scout House and take the raft out on the lake," suggested Candy.

"Oh, the raft!" snorted Janey, dismissing that craft.

"What fun is a little two-by-four raft on a puddle that isn't

JANEY FINDS

as big as a dishpan and not up to our ankles? Goodness, Candy, the lake's nice and all that, but it's just an ornament. What we ought to do is go out on the water. What's the good of living in a town that's right smack on Long Island Sound if we don't make any use of it? Of course we can go swimming down at Crane Island if we want to, but everybody goes there and you can't dive off a float without tangling yourself in about forty different pairs of legs. I want to go sailing—and so do you and about a dozen other Scouts."

She stopped and took a breath. "We need a Mariner Ship," she said softly.

Mac rolled back on her stomach and caught Candy's eye. "There she goes again!" her glance said.

Red-headed Janey was famed through West Haven for her persistent pursuit of the apparently impossible and her battle cry of "Yes, we can!" when faced by defeat. It was she who had acquired for the West Haven Scouts their present clubhouse, formerly a railroad station, and had persuaded the Scouts to give a reception there which had won over an indifferent town to the cause of Girl Scouting.

Mac and Candy had hoped that, with this task over, she would be content to rest from her labors for a while, and incidentally to give them a rest at the same time. But their hopes were in vain, apparently.

"A Mariner Ship," repeated Janey in stronger tones. "They have one in Rye and have all sorts of fun. I talked to one of the girls, the other day, and she said they have clam-bakes and pancake parties on the beach at Mrs. Thompson's—she's their Skipper—and go sailing, and have sailing and rowing races, and in the winter they study navigation and naval history and whatnot. Oh, it's wonderful, and any Scout who loves the water would be just crazy to be a Mariner! If West Haven has Sea Scouts, there's no reason it shouldn't have Mariners."

"Except for the very small reason," said Candy, "that we haven't anyone in Scouting here who owns a beach, and we haven't a boat, and a few other minor items. I don't see that we can have a Mariner Ship just yet, Janey."

"Yes, we can!" declared Janey, and her friends pulled down the corners of their mouths at each other.

"Here goes peace and quiet until Janey's got the West Haven Mariners and the *Queen Mary* for them to sail," announced Candy.

Janey admitted to herself that there were difficulties attached to the forming of a Ship, and yet it seemed to her that the primary requisite for Mariners—water—abounded in, or at least around, West Haven. There was West Haven harbor, shaped like a pear with Crane Island as its core, and there was the cove the other side of Orient Point, and there were other little islands designed by Providence with an eye to picnics. It was true she did not know a single person with a beach or a boat—not, at least, in Scouting—and all the lovely white beaches were owned by beach clubs and the islands bristled with *No Trespassing* signs; but at least there were boats and there were beaches, and as long as they existed they were not entirely out of reach.

It really took no time at all to win Mac and Candy over to her idea, since they were always half won over to Janey's schemes before she had even made them known. Within a week the three girls had a petition signed by fourteen of the West Haven Girl Scouts, requesting permission to form a Mariner Ship.

"Of course the Commissioner would listen to us anyhow,

A SKIPPER

by NANCY TITUS

but it looks sort of businesslike to have a petition," Janey said.

The Commissioner did listen, as Janey stated her case and displayed her petition, and so did the Council.

"Well, Janey," said the Commissioner, when she had finished, "I am happy to know there is so large a group of girls interested in the water, and I agree with you that it is a shame to see the Sound going to waste. Perhaps, in a year or two, we will be able to work it out."

"Oh, please," began Janey, her impatient soul dismayed, "a year or two! We want a Ship as soon as possible."

The Commissioner shook her head. "We have no one in Scouting now who knows much about sailing, or nautical things, and would be qualified as a Skipper. It will take some time to find and train someone. Then you mention a boat. I don't know whether you know it or not, but we do not approve of Mariners owning boats. There is too much expense and responsibility involved. We might be able to charter a boat, as the Sea Scouts have done, but the budget will not stand it this year, what with the new Scout House and all, and I am not sure it will next year. But I promise you we will keep the idea in mind and work it out when we can."

"That's pretty encouraging, isn't it?" asked Candy, as the three girls pedaled to Orient Point to bask and lunch on its rocky promontory, the one spot where trespassers were not discouraged—no doubt because it was too uncomfortable to interest any but the hardiest.

"Encouraging, my grandfather's knitting!" scoffed Janey, shaking her bright mop. "It's terrible! Don't you want to be Mariners soon, girls?"

"Yes, but we can't," argued Mac.

"Yes, we can," cried Janey decisively, nodding violently.

"If the Commissioner doesn't want us to—" began Mac.

When Janey Lewis uttered her war cry, "Yes We Can!" the reluctant Miss Lever didn't stand a chance

Illustrated by SYLVIA HAGGANDER

"It isn't that she doesn't want, she doesn't see how. Neither does Mrs. Carruthers. She says she would like to take over a Ship, but she doesn't know enough about the sea—and besides she can't leave our troop. If we can figure out a way, I know we'll get it. I've got to think."

She proceeded to do so, and they rode in silence along Orient Avenue beneath the shade of the sycamores, elms, and maples which wove their branches overhead. Janey was still silent as they clambered up the rocks and opened their lunch boxes. She continued to be silent as she ate her hard-boiled egg, scanning the shore line through her glasses the while. As she reached for a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, she brightened.

"Look!" she cried.

Mac and Candy followed her gaze. At the back of the cove formed by the jutting Orient Point and Rochelle Point opposite, were a number of small beaches belonging to private homes, separated from one another by ropes, fences, and lines of rock. The beaches, in reality one long beach, extended back about twenty-five feet to a high bank. Janey's stare was directed to the beach at the far end where, at the point nearest Rochelle, it narrowed to about five feet, and a



"MY DEAR OLD PALS," SAID JANEY, POINTING, "THERE IS A BEACH, A PIER, AND BOATS. JUST WHAT THE MARINERS NEED"

runway went from the bank to a float a little way from it. Tied to this pier now were two white rowboats, glistening in their spotlessness, and a Snipe. A young woman stood in the small cockpit of the Snipe, fastening the sail to the slide on the boom.

"My dear old pals," said Janey, "there is a beach, a pier, and boats. Just what the Mariners need."

"Let's go take it over then," exclaimed Candy. "I am sure whoever owns it all will just love to give it to us!"

"Let me take your pulse," urged Mac. "Your temperature must be at least a hundred and two, Janey, old thing. Do you know who owns that bit of beach and boat?"

"No," said Janey, "but I know I want it for the Mariners."

"You won't want it when I tell you whose it is. It's that Miss Emily Lever's—she paints or something, and has a fence around the grounds. She can't bear people and especially young girls. I tried to get her to give furniture to the Scout House and she sent the butler—the butler, no less—to tell me she never had anything to do with organizations. A fat chance we have of getting her beach and boat!"

"Is she the Miss Lever who belongs to the Yacht Club and wins all the races?" Janey asked with interest.

"Yes. She has another boat besides the little Snipe, that she sailed to Bermuda in. I guess that's it, moored farther out."

"Wouldn't she make a dandy Skipper?" murmured Janey.

Mac and Candy whooped with such derision that the exclusive Miss Lever paused in her occupation, straightened up, stared disdainfully in their direction, and, having satisfied herself that it was only a group of young hoodlums, bent to her task again.

The hoodlums were entirely out of Miss Lever's mind as she rose next morning and pulled on her bathing suit for an early morning swim, humming as she did so. If they had not been out of her mind, or if she had known that one of them was planning to upset her calm and secluded life, she would not have hummed.

She was still humming cheerfully, however, as she went through the still rooms of her house and across the lawn covered with a cobwebby cloth of dew. She hummed until she came to the runway to the float, and saw, sitting on that float, a red-haired girl in a green bathing suit, dangling her feet in the water. Miss Lever disliked shouting, so she said nothing until she had descended to the float. Then she said, "Well?"

Janey turned and grinned at her. "Good morning, Miss Lever," she said as she drew her feet from the water and stood up.

"What are you doing here?" Miss Lever asked, not too

unkindly, though her brows had drawn together in the beginning of a frown.

"I wanted to talk to you, and I knew you didn't like people to come to your house so I thought this was the best way to do it."

"You are trespassing, you know," Miss Lever reminded her. It was a cross thing to say, she knew, but she didn't like having her early morning swim interrupted.

"You mean on your float?" asked Janey.

"Yes."

"Is the water yours, too?" Janey gave her another grin.

"Of course not."

"Then," said Janey, "I could get into it and talk to you from there. Although I am a little tired since I swam most of the way from Orient Point."

Miss Lever looked faintly amused in spite of herself. "In that case, you might as well talk to me here," she said.

"It's this way," began Janey. "Some of the West Haven Girl Scouts—" Miss Lever shuddered slightly—"want to form a Mariner Ship. That's like a troop, only it is especially for girls interested in the sea and seamanship. But we need a woman to be our Skipper who knows the water and how to sail. We need the use of a boat, too, and we ought to have a beach."

"Well, maybe next year or the year after, we could find someone to be our Skipper; and maybe we could manage to make a place in the budget for chartering a boat; and we might be able to get the use of a beach somehow—but you see, we don't want to wait that long. When I saw this beach of yours, and your boats, and found out who you were—what a good sailor and all—I thought you would be ideal as a Skipper."

"You did?" said Miss Lever coldly. "And what did you think I would derive from it?"

"I didn't mean to sound so selfish!" cried Janey, dismayed. "It does seem as though we were selfish, I know, but I think

you would find us useful, and fun, too. We could keep your beach raked up, and if you showed us how, we could keep your boats in shape. Besides, I know you love the water, and I thought you might like to teach girls to love it, too."

"I'll say one thing for you," acknowledged Miss Lever. "You are a persuasive little talker. What is your name?"

"Janey Lewis, Troop 5, West Haven Girl Scouts."

"Janey, I really don't care much for clubs or groups of any kind. I don't believe I would care to have my time taken up that way. But I think you are a smart young lady and, just so you won't think I am too hard on you, I'll give you this much. If you can pay for half ownership in my small boat, the Snipe, I will agree to teach you girls how to sail it. Though I do not promise to head any Mariner Ship, or troop, or whatever it is."

(Continued on page 42)

Needles in Haystacks

By ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

Pins and needles of the frost,
Such bright and fine things soon are lost.

Who can find the sweet-grass blade
When the hay is stacked and made?

Who keeps account of the small words
Sung by wings of humming birds?

Who keeps the humming bird's slight young
In the airy nest she's swung?

Long winds never blow away
Birds as gossamer-light as they.

Great gales leave the spider's ladder,
Thin as the quick tongue of the adder.

Rain will spare the ants' pale eggs
And blue butterflies' thin legs.

Suns will wander from the mark,
Clash, and leave a universe dark,

But the humming bird's very light
Young emerge out of the night,

Start the cyclones of their wings,
And join the safe and slender things.



DORA AND MITIE WATCHED WITH INTEREST AS THE WOMAN SWISHED THE DASHER UP AND DOWN IN THE CHURN

THE STORY SO FAR

This is the tale of a troupe of wandering actors, the Dramatic Company of the Rockies, in Colorado in 1865. The troupe are all one family—"Miss Nell," the eighteen-year-old star, wife of McKean More the leading man, and their baby, "The Codger"; Dora, sixteen, the practical member of the family; Mitie, fourteen, and Hittabelle, twelve, half-sisters of Nell and Dora; "Mother," an actress once known throughout the West as "lovely Mary Mallory"; and her father, Patrick Mallory, affectionately called "Grand Patrick." Later they are joined by a seventeen-year-old boy, Phineas, who is searching for his benefactor, the old prospector, Sam, who has disappeared.

When the story opens, the Dramatic Company have fallen on hard times. Their rival, the Countess de Braganza, with more and finer scenery and costumes, is trying to outdo them in their own territory. It is a favorite trick of the Countess, with her six-horse equipage, to pass the Dramatic Company on the road, as they plod along in their painted wagon drawn by a span of mules. The Countess, arriving first at their mutual destination, then secures the only theater in town.

This is the situation when the troupe, delayed by a sick mule, arrive late in Oratown. They decide to give "Romeo and Juliet" on an outdoor platform, selling their hair tonic between the acts. Phineas, who is playing "Mercutio," stumbles and falls flat, to the delight of the boozing audience. Quick-witted Grand Patrick turns Shakespeare's tragedy into a farce, with great success; and later the troupe decide that a new type of play, melodrama, which is sweeping the East, will please their audiences better than Shakespeare. McKean is writing such a play. They are all happy until Dora's guardian, Aunt Hitty, a grim old woman who disapproves of the stage, appears to take Dora back to live with her in Ohio.

With a dream-come-true almost within her grasp Dora faces disappointment, the threat of Aunt Hitty's grim plan, and renewal of her feud with Phineas

By LENORA MATTINGLY WEBER

PART FOUR

THE one idea of the Dramatic Company of the Rockies was flight. Dora sat on the front seat with Grand Patrick and the shivering Mitie. She couldn't help looking back, listening with a tense dread of being followed.

On through the rainy night Grand Patrick drove the wagon, back over the road they had traveled two days ago, the road that led to Donkeyback, and then on through the mountains to Denver City. The hoofs of the mules sank deep into the wet ground, the gilded wheels of the wagon twisted and slid in their own deeply cut ruts. Slow mile after slow mile in the rain and darkness.

They had little to say. As the wagon swayed and lurched, McKean's guitar twanged like a soft sigh, the blackbirds scolded. Once Hittabelle stepped on the small dog's tail and it yelped like a cornered coyote.

The going was increasingly heavy. Again and again the mules stopped to get their wind. Dora said, "It's just as tiring to push with your mind as with your arms. Come on, Hittabelle, let's walk to relieve the load. It's only misting rain now." Phineas and McKean were already walking.

Hittabelle said, as they sloshed along behind the wagon, "Just as soon as I grow into the red brocade, I'm going to be

a star. And everyone will humor me, and I'll have a husband who'll just worship me, even though he has to wait on me. I decided," she went on, with wise philosophy for her twelve years, "that as long as I didn't have a weak stomach like Mitie, I'd just have to be a star like Nell, or I'd have all the hard, grubby work to do, like you, Dora."

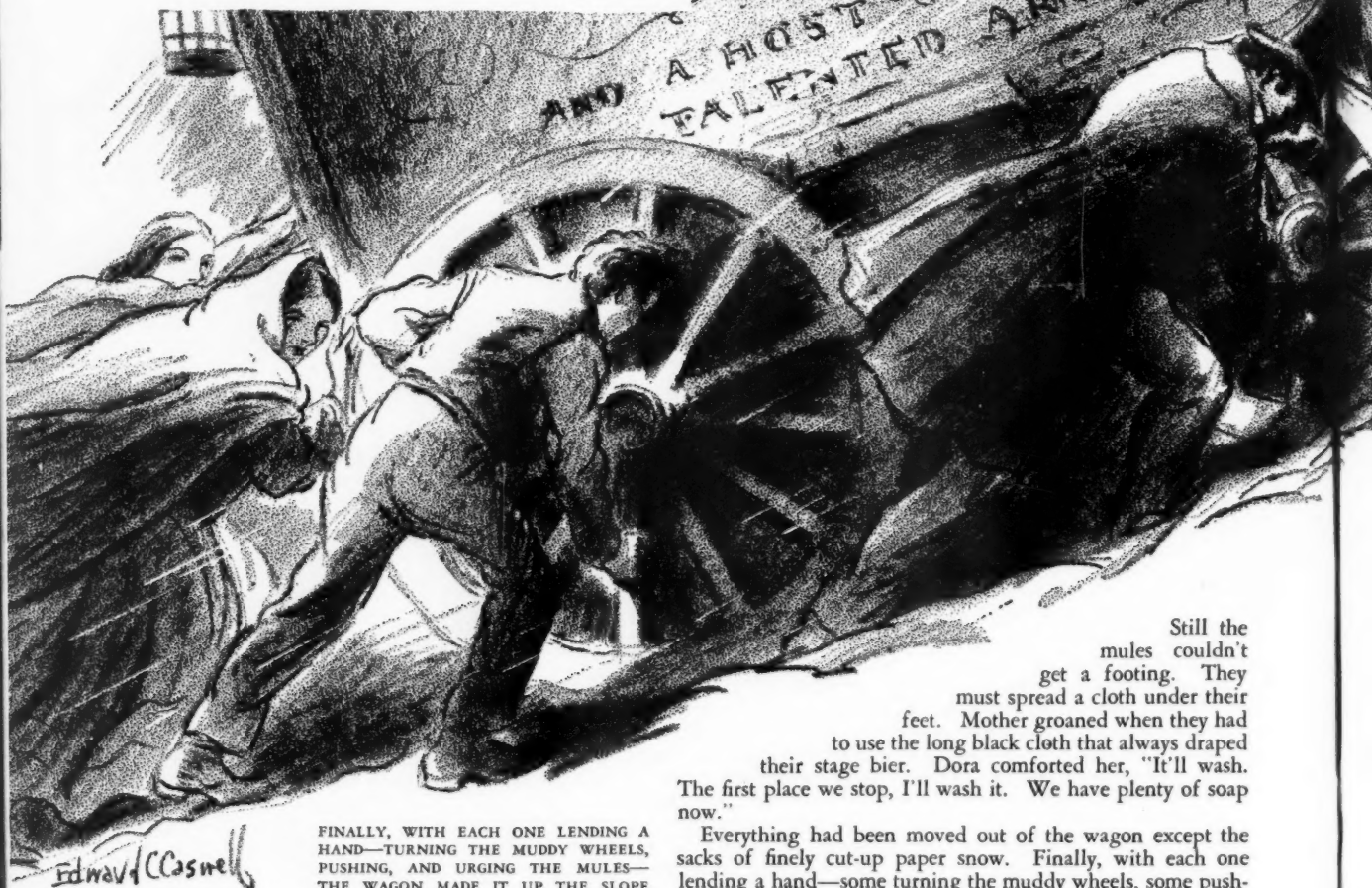
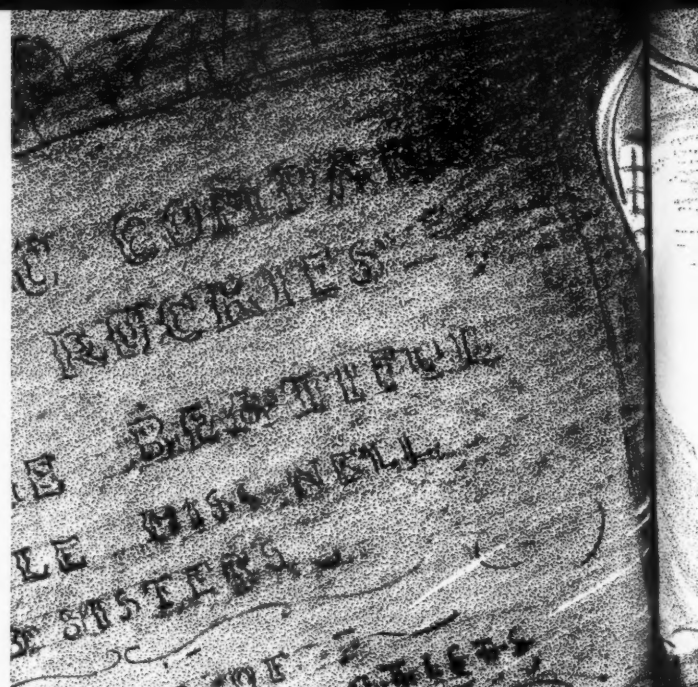
Dora didn't answer. Her mind was still dwelling on the picture of Aunt Hitty, sitting in the hotel lobby like a predatory hawk ready to pounce.

The wagon came to Sinner's Crossing where the road led over the creek, swerved sharply up a steep incline. "Oh, dear," Hittybelle said, panting alongside Dora, "I shouldn't have bragged to old Ferzen about us never having trouble at Sinner's Crossing."

"You were shooting a long bow," Dora admitted ruefully, "for it's a hard enough tug up that steep side when the roads are dry."

To-night it was doubly hard, for the mules could not get enough foothold on the slippery slope to pull the heavily loaded wagon up. First the passengers climbed out—Mother carrying the Codger who fought against the blanket she threw over him to protect him from the misty rain. Even Grand Patrick took to the ground, guiding the mules from there.

Another try, and still the mules only slithered in the mud



FINALLY, WITH EACH ONE LENDING A HAND—TURNING THE MUDDY WHEELS, PUSHING, AND URGING THE MULES—THE WAGON MADE IT UP THE SLOPE

without making any headway. Next they unloaded the wagon—the box with the heavy bottles of hair tonic, the trunks of costumes, the stage scenery. Mother worried about the rainbow. "Oh, McKean, do throw your coat over it. That streak of vermilion is so apt to run if it should get wet."

Still the mules couldn't get a footing. They must spread a cloth under their feet. Mother groaned when they had to use the long black cloth that always draped their stage bier. Dora comforted her, "It'll wash. The first place we stop, I'll wash it. We have plenty of soap now."

Everything had been moved out of the wagon except the sacks of finely cut-up paper snow. Finally, with each one lending a hand—some turning the muddy wheels, some pushing, some shouting at and whacking the mules—the wagon made it up the steep slope.

While the mules stood, their heads drooped low, their breath sobbing harshly, the family lugged the trunks, the hair tonic, the unwieldy stage scenery up the slippery hill and loaded the wagon again. Then, muddy of hands, wet of feet, the whole Dramatic Company leaned against the wagon to



Illustrated
by
EDWARD
CASWELL

catch their own
pained breath.
Dora shifted her
weight off her sore foot,
on which she wore one of
Hamlet's boots—making it possible for her to walk.

Close to the road, pine trees dripped in wet fragrance. In the distance a fox barked shrilly and across the cañon, two owls called to each other, that hollow boom that always reminded Dora of a child blowing through a clay whistle.

Grand Patrick said heavily, "There's small use in us trying to go on. The road ahead is all upgrade, and winding as a snake and just as slippery. I doubt if these poor shovel-footed beasts can make it."

Phineas had a suggestion. "There's a deserted shack, on a little ways to the left. We could dry out there. You follow this dim trail to it."

They followed the trail around a mountain curve. Phineas ejaculated, "By gum, there's a light in the shack! I don't know who could be holed in there. As long as I remember, it's been as empty as an old bird's nest."

They kept going toward the pink square of light blurred in the misty rain, stopping in a clearing outside a tumble-down log shack. Phineas stepped to the door and called loudly, "Hey, inside—let us in!"

Much to their surprise, the light was suddenly put out. They heard the door rasp open a wary crack, and a shaky but determined voice spoke in the darkness. "You better hit the

git, and hit it
plumb fast while you're
able to. I'm on to your game,
you thievin' pop-squirts! One step
farther, and I'll shoot you like the skunks
you are."

Not one of the Dramatic Company took that step. But Phineas did. He ran to the door, his voice cracking with joy. "Sam—hey, Sam, it's Phineas! Sam, I've been looking all over for you. I thought you were dead. Open up—we're all as wet as drowned rats!"

The dragging door was pushed wide. Phineas groped for and lighted the still warm lantern, and the troupe were invited in. Old Sam was a wizened little man. A beard covered his face, and dust covered his beard and his not-too-clean and tattered buckskin shirt, and lodged in the creases of his old boots. A dusty patch was held in place over one eye by a knotted shoe string, but the other eye looked out at the world with a mixture of fierce mistrust and shrewd cunning.

He explained in a sly whisper, "I changed diggings to give them thieving crooks the slip. They watched every doddered move I made up yonder, so I sealed up the mine and came down here. And I've got a beautiful hole in the ground."

Phineas said, "I've been worried to death about you, Sam." "I had to light out on the sly," the old man told him seriously. "But, Son, you've no business worrying about old Sam. It takes a smart dog to catch a cute old badger the third time. I can outsmart them." He motioned widely with his arms. "You folks look plumb tuckered out. Just make yourselves at home. I'm proud to have Patrick and Mary Mallory share my diggings. Help yourself to everything here."

The observant Hittybelle whispered to Dora, "Do you see anything for us to help ourselves to?"

There was nothing on the shelves but a can with a little stale coffee in it, a sack half filled with coarse corn meal. But the Dramatic Company accepted old Sam's hospitality gratefully and graciously, and brought in their own stores.

The rain had ceased, and soon the moon could be seen through a grimy window. Phineas built a fire in the tiny stove propped up on bricks, and each one took a turn at drying out his feet in the oven. Dora limped about to help make the usual pot of coffee, fry the usual strips of venison, bake the usual pan of beaten biscuits. "Sometimes we toss an egg or two into them, sometimes milk—sometimes neither," Grand Patrick always said, "but the recipe does insist on flour."

(Continued on page 30)

HAPPY HANDS AT VO



LEFT: MAKING A SPATTER PRINT OF AN OAK LEAF IS A FASCINATING OCCUPATION TO THIS GIRL SCOUT AT A BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS DAY CAMP. IT MAY DEVELOP INTO A DESIGN MOTIF



RIGHT: THE TINKER SHOP IS A POPULAR SPOT AT CAMP SUSQUEHANOCK, YORK, PENNSYLVANIA. HERE, IN THIS OLD STONE FARM BUILDING BUILT MORE THAN A HUNDRED YEARS AGO, GIRL SCOUT CAMPERS EXPERIENCE THE SATISFYING JOY OF CREATIVE WORK



BELOW: METAL WORK IS AN INTERESTING CRAFT. THESE GIRL SCOUTS OF WASHINGTON, D. C., ARE PROUD OF THEIR HANDIWORK



RIGHT: NATURE PROVIDES A WEALTH OF SUBJECTS FOR THE GIRL WHO LIKES TO SKETCH. THIS SCOUT AT CAMP MARGARET TOWNSEND, KNOXVILLE, TENNESSEE IS STARTING A SERIES OF WILDFLOWER DRAWINGS



PUSSY POSES IN THE PROTECTOR ARM WHILE ANOTHER DAY CAMP MODEL GIRL AT THE RIGHT IS USING WIRE FIGURE, AS A BASE UPON WHICH TO FIGURE. RABBITS AND TEDDY'S ARE

WORK THAT'S PLAY



PROTECTOR ARMS OF A GIRL SCOUT
Y CAMPBELLS HER IN CLAY. THE
IS USE WIRE FRAME, OR ARMA-
ON WHEN WILL MODEL A LARGER
D TEDDY ARE POPULAR SUBJECTS

RIGHT: CARVING A
KATCHINA DOLL IS
AN EXCITING AD-
VENTURE TO THIS
GIRL SCOUT. THE
CRAFTS COUNSEL-
OR LENDS A GUID-
ING HAND AS SHE
CHIPS OUT THE
LIGHT BASSWOOD
ALONG THE FIG-
URE'S OUTLINE



LEFT: USING A LEATHER THONG
THIS GIRL SCOUT IS WHIPPING
TOGETHER TWO EDGES OF HIDE
TO FORM A POCKETBOOK. MANY
USEFUL ARTICLES CAN BE MADE
OF LEATHER AND THERE IS OP-
PORTUNITY FOR ORIGINALITY OF
DESIGN IN TOOLING, STENCILING,
CUT-OUT WORK, OR CARVING



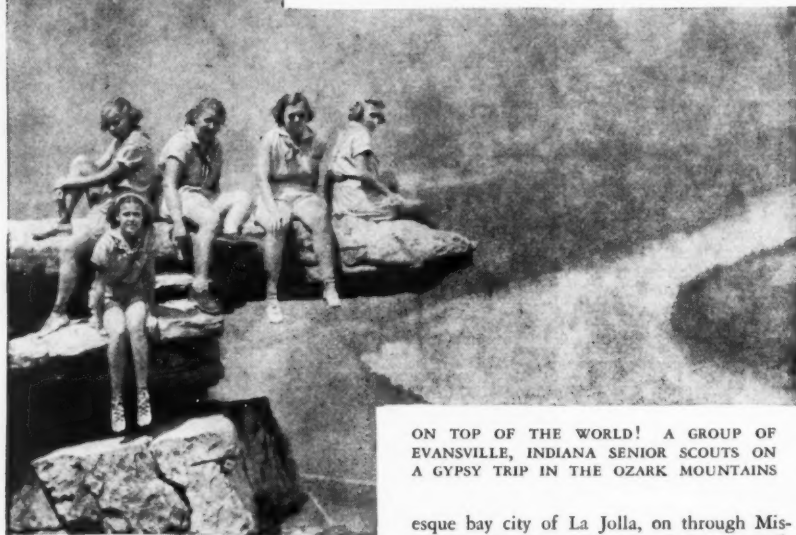
BELOW: A BUSY CRAFT TABLE AT
LOU HENRY HOOVER CAMP WHERE
GIRL SCOUTS FROM ELIZABETH,
HILLSIDE, AND LINDEN, NEW JER-
SEY HAVE GOOD TIMES TOGETHER



LEFT: WHEN SHE
WAS YOUNG SHE
LOVED TO MAKE
MUDPIES—NOW SHE
HAS TRANSFERRED
THIS EARLY ENTHU-
SIASM TO MODELING
IN CLAY AT AN
EVANSVILLE, INDI-
ANA GIRL SCOUT
SUMMER CAMP



GYPSY TRIPS ADD ZEST



ON TOP OF THE WORLD! A GROUP OF EVANSVILLE, INDIANA SENIOR SCOUTS ON A GYPSY TRIP IN THE OZARK MOUNTAINS

A GYPSY TRIP TO MEXICO

ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA: At about seven o'clock on the chill, bleak morning of March eighteenth, our party of ten Senior Girl Scouts and three leaders climbed into the Girl Scout station wagon and one accompanying automobile, and began our glorious trip.

The first two hours of driving do not stand out as particularly interesting, for the girls were yawning and stretching, endeavoring to awaken themselves, while a couple of late getter-uppers were furiously striving to complete their grooming. But when we arrived in the coast town of San Juan Capistrano, the salt air refreshed us and we were all in gay spirits, rarin' to go.

While the majority of our party went in to visit the old Mission, a few of us, who had been through it before, went walking in search of a big cardboard box (the purpose of which you will never guess).

When the riding was again resumed, the girls in the back seat of the station wagon busied themselves printing artistic cardboard signs (made from the box) which read "Mexico or Bust!" And during the remainder of the trip, the big signs, tucked securely over the bedding on the back of the car, reaped many a smile from onlookers.

We were now traveling along the coast. On our right the ocean was a dull gray, and out on the horizon could be seen a number of fishing boats. A host of sea gulls dipped gracefully in and out of the waves, and now and then a pelican appeared on the shore.

We went through the city of Oceanside, on past the famous Del Mar race tracks, and then came to the delightfully scenic place known as Torrey Pines, where we stopped for a short hike down into the cañon that reaches to the sea. This is the only place in the world where the Torrey pine grows and the needles of this tree always grow in bunches of five.

Continuing, we went through the pictur-

esque bay city of La Jolla, on through Mission Beach, Ocean Beach, and Sunset Cliffs where we stopped for lunch. The sun was at last beginning to pierce through the fog, and as the blue of the sky peeked through, the ocean likewise was transformed into a beautiful blue.

Early afternoon found us touring Fort Rosecrans, where is established a United States naval and air base. We visited Point Loma, which now embraces the Cabrillo National Monument and the old Spanish lighthouse. From the tower of the lighthouse, we enjoyed a stupendous view of ocean, bays, islands, mountains, foothills, valleys, and plains which form the remarkable setting for the cities of San Diego, National City, Chula Vista, and low-lying Coronado.

From there, we went down to Old Town, San Diego, where we visited the romantic spot called Ramona's marriage place. It is here, you are told, that Ramona and Alessandro, the two beloved characters of Helen Hunt Jackson's book, were married before they set out to make their home in the San Diego mountains. The clay-brick room where the ceremony is supposed to have taken place still stands, and it is surrounded by a beautiful garden in which there is an old wishing well.

ABOUT four, we arrived at the Girl Scout house in Pepper Grove, which is located in Balboa Park in San Diego. We were warmly received by the Girl Scout house matron. After we had unpacked and prepared our beds (sleeping bags spread on the floor), we had an hour to spend exploring. Two other girls and myself boarded a street car and went down into the big city, where one of my pals saw a Scarlett O'Hara white straw hat that she couldn't resist. After purchasing the hat, which was enclosed in a huge box, the owner became mindful of the fact that we already had a great deal of baggage—and fearing what Dale (our leader) might say, she felt not a little uncomfortable. However, our good-natured Dale was a sport and laughingly said, "We'll make room for it somewhere." And we did—and the hat, sur-



"MEXICO OR BUST" WAS THE SLOGAN OF ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA GIRL SCOUTS. AN ACCOUNT OF THEIR TRIP APPEARS BELOW



COOKING BREAKFAST IN LOWER CALIFORNIA

prisingly enough, survived the trip miraculously well.

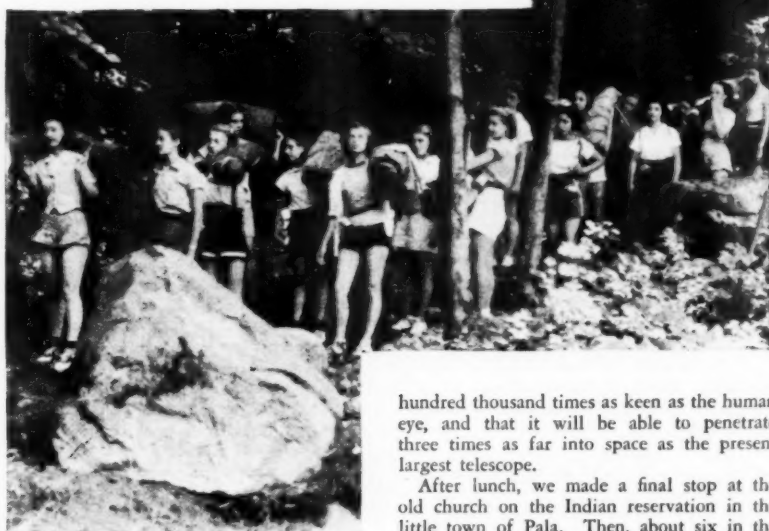
Monday night, two former members of our troop, now residents of San Diego, came over to spend the evening with us. The Burbank Girl Scouts were occupying the house with us, also, and we really had a riotous time. Lights were out at ten o'clock, but by no means was it quiet.

On Tuesday, March nineteenth, after breakfast and clean-up, we walked to Balboa Park to visit some of the interesting buildings there. This is where the San Diego Exposition was held in 1936, and the landscaping is lovely.

At eleven we left San Diego, and at noon we crossed the border. When we stopped to get gas, a number of the girls attempted to make conversation with a Mexican official. This wasn't too much in vain, for he seemed actually to comprehend what they were saying. After stopping at a curio shop to let two of our girls buy some monstrous Mexican hats, we continued on our way. Some beautiful white sand dunes, stretching along the seashore, invited us to picnic, and after finishing lunch, three of us went down to the beach where we collected a variety of shells and some rather elaborate bones. This additional cargo was not too enthusiastically received by our leader or companions, but it managed to remain with us.

Our eyes feasted on the fascinating scenery of Mexico. The ocean was the deepest and most beautiful shade of blue I have ever seen,

TO GIRL SCOUT CAMPING



A GROUP OF WEEHAWKEN, NEW JERSEY GIRL SCOUTS CARRY THEIR BED ROLLS TO THE CAMP TRUCK FOR AN OVERNIGHT TRIP. TOP, LEFT: ONTARIO, CALIFORNIA, SCOUTS ENJOY THE COAST OF MEXICO



AT THE FAMOUS HAWAIIAN WARM SPRING

the surface covered with foamy ripples that resembled small whitecaps. We could see for miles ahead the irregular breaking of the minute waves as the snowy foam crept in to shore, then backed out again—a perfect picture of serenity and beauty. On the other side of the highway were green, low-rolling hills, colored with a heterogeneous mixture of wild flowers. The sun shone warmly, stirring in us a sensation of lazy contentment and harmony.

Our happy group reached Ensenada at three-thirty. It is a quaint, simple Mexican pueblo, dotted with typical mud huts of one or two rooms; these huts have dirt floors where promenade chickens, ducks, dogs, and cats—whatever the family chances to raise. In the narrow streets play dirty, unkempt children, unaware that they are objects of curiosity and wide-eyed wonder. The main street consists of a long row of untidy stores, an unsanitary bakery shop, and several saloons all crowded together, with a meager and somewhat dilapidated sidewalk in front. Ensenada seemed truly foreign and strange to us.

After setting up camp in a grassy field

which was part of the only motor camp there, we cooked a delicious fish dinner over our open fire. Later, we took a walk down to the beach. There we met a Spanish policeman, on guard in front of the magnificent Hotel Playa Ensenada which is now closed for the winter months. When he saw us admiring the hotel, he asked if we would like to go inside. You can imagine how eagerly we accepted his suggestion, and so, by the light of a kerosene lamp (the electricity not being on) we toured the spacious palace. After this experience, we went back to camp and to our beds under the stars.

Wednesday morning we awoke to find that a cat had carried off two-and-a-half pounds of bacon and a half pound of butter. Nevertheless, we had a luscious breakfast, after which a group of us went swimming in "Todos Santos" bay. After an hour of fun there we went back, took showers, dressed, and went down town to buy souvenirs. At eleven-thirty we bade *adios* to Ensenada, and at three o'clock in the afternoon, after sixteen hours in Mexico, we returned to the United States. Then we went to the Girl Scout lodge at Lake Cuyumaca in the San Diego mountains, where we prepared supper. After a sing around the fire, we ended with taps and went to bed.

Thursday, March twenty-first, dawned clear and bright. After a hearty breakfast and a short hike through the woods, we left that picturesque spot to continue through the mountains to Mount Palomar, where we were shown through the big observatory. We saw where the great two-hundred inch reflecting telescope will be installed. This glass disc is part of the gigantic camera to be used for photographing long-distance stars and planets. Among the interesting facts which we learned was that this telescope is six or seven

hundred thousand times as keen as the human eye, and that it will be able to penetrate three times as far into space as the present largest telescope.

After lunch, we made a final stop at the old church on the Indian reservation in the little town of Pala. Then, about six in the evening, we arrived home, filled with new knowledge and enriched by our novel experiences. Most important of all was the fact that in these four days of living and laughing together, we had all become better friends. Long will this group of Girl Scouts revel in the happy memories of that perfect trip.

Lila Acker

HAWAIIAN OUTING

HILO, HAWAII: Washington's birthday was chosen as the day for our sight-seeing outing toward Kalapana—a black sand beach which is about thirty miles away from the city of Hilo. At half-past eight in the morning four automobiles loaded with jolly Girl Scouts left St. Joseph School, our meeting spot. After we left the city, we sang all the songs we knew. About ten o'clock we arrived at the first place of interest, a spot where molten lava from an early volcanic eruption had flowed around and climbed up the trunks of trees without endangering their growth. This sight is unique as there is an arch formed by the lava while green branches sprout at the top.

The next interesting spot was many miles away, so we piled back into the cars. After riding along the highway for about an hour, with forests on both sides, we visited the Cinder Cones at Kapoho. Our legs were in great need of being limbered so we decided to hike to our next treat. After a brisk fifteen minutes' walk through waste pasture land, the grandest spot in Hawaii, Warm Spring, was sighted. The water from this spring is always warm—that is how the place gets its name. Mother Nature couldn't have made it more beautiful. The spring lies at the bottom of a steep cliff and is circled by greenery, with many colors reflected in its pool—Alice blue, apple green, medium green. Lauhala leaves wave to and fro like huge fans. We would have liked to stay here all day, but we were out on a sight-seeing trip so, after taking a picture, we hiked back to our cars. It was then after one (Continued on page 41)

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

Sitting in the shack with its smoky lantern hanging on a rafter, they listened to the usual story from the old-timer. Dora, blinking sleepily, wondered how many, many times she had heard it. No, old Sam hadn't struck it rich yet, but he was going to; maybe tomorrow—maybe the next day. They heard again the story of Buckskin Joe, who one day shot a deer at such close range that he could scarcely believe his eyes when it bounded off. Certain of having wounded it, at least, the hunter went to search for traces of blood. He found these and also the gash which the bullet had cut through the dirt and sand—and the gash showed a vein of almost pure gold.

A feeling of pity pushed aside Dora's own fright and uneasiness and feeling of impending doom. She saw them all—these diggers for gold—always in tattered buckskins, their boots shapeless from tramping over rocks and stiff from wading in creeks, their hands calloused from dirt and digging. They always walked with slow tiredness, their cabins never had any food but poor coffee and corn meal and bacon, yet hope always gleamed in their eyes. What faith they must have, Dora pondered, to be always sure that tomorrow—maybe the next day—they'd strike pay dirt!

She herself was tired, and her bruised and swollen foot kept throbbing dully. Phineas looked down at it. He said, "Here, rest it on this!" Pulling forward a soap box, he folded a blanket over it. "I know what'll take down that swelling and draw the soreness out of it. Soft rags wrung out of warm salt water."

He heated water on the stove. Mother found some soft white cloths, and Phineas wrapped them loosely about Dora's foot. He had a careful, almost tender touch, and Dora's troubled heart felt a warm glow. It surprised her to realize how much it mattered whether Phineas liked her or not. For surely he wouldn't go to all this trouble if he didn't like her a little. She thought, "When he puts the hot cloth on my foot again, I'll tell him that I'm sorry I made him feel he was a sponger and a down-and-outer."

Phineas crouched down before her with another hot cloth steaming in his hand. He said proudly, "Look at that! The swelling's nearly gone. I like to do dosing up. This spring Sam's donkey skittered down a gravel bank and bugged up his knee in bad shape. And these salt packs kept proud flesh from setting in, and kept the knee limbered up."

Old Sam put in, "Beats all how that boy likes curing. That donkey was plain cussed and Phineas had no use for him a-tall, but he worked his fool head off dosin' him up."

Dora flushed with resentment. So that was it! She needn't flatter herself that Phineas was doing this out of any thought for her. It was merely his delight in "curing," whether it be a mule's colic, or a donkey's stiff leg, or a girl's swollen foot.

She drew her foot under her full skirts, said coldly, "You needn't bother any more, thank you."

The next morning Mitie and Dora set out, riding Pale Nip and Pale Tuck. (The mules had been called that to distinguish them from the darker pair of mules they had been forced to sell. Grand Patrick could conceive of no names for a team of mules other than Nip and Tuck.) Mother was still worrying because they were entirely out of rouge cake, and Phineas, who knew all this country about Oratown and Donkeyback, told them of a small farm close

SING for your SUPPER

to Donkeyback where he was sure they could get some beets.

Mother would peel the beets, cut them fine, and simmer them on the stove till all the strength and color went from the beets into the liquid. Then she would strain off the liquid, and cook it down to a scant two or three tablespoonfuls. This, thickened with cornstarch and scented with rose oil, made a rouge which, when applied with a rabbit's foot, gave a soft and lovely glow of health.

Dora said, "Troubles always seem lighter in the morning, don't they, Mitie? I'm surprised that I'm not as scared or worried as I was last night."

"I still am, when I think of Aunt Hitty," Mitie said honestly.

They jogged along on the mules under the warm June sun, and following Phineas's directions, came within sight of the small farm about midmorning. "Look, Dora! It has a house with white scallop trimming, just like we've always wanted," cried Mitie.

"Like coarse white lace," Dora said, admiring the ornate little house.

They rode nearer and Mitie said, squinting unbelievably through the bright sunlight, "Dora—look! At first I thought they were scraps of white paper—but they're white chickens in the yard!"

"It does seem almost like we're dreaming it," Dora murmured. "Do you suppose they have Hittybelle's black-and-white cow with a friendly face?"

But when the girls rode up to the house, they found a great worry and confusion. The man and his wife who lived there had tried to corral a gray bronco, but the wily horse had dashed between them and was now galloping across a stretch of meadow, leaving his pursuers perspiring, red-faced, and panting.

The woman was half crying. "Just look at that rascally pony—we can never catch him now!" she sighed. "And he—" with a nod toward her husband—"has to catch the stage, for he got word yesterday that his father's had a stroke back in Missouri. Oh, dear, if he misses the stage to-day, he'll be two days delayed—and the poor old man most likely will be dead before he reaches home."

Dora said promptly, "He can ride one of our mules. Pale Nip here isn't quite so jolty as Tuck. If you hurry, sir, you can catch Ferzen when he noons at Donkeyback."

She answered the question which he seemed about to ask, except that his breath was gone from running after the gray pony. "Mitie and I can ride double going home. And when you get to Donkeyback, you've only to shorten the reins on Pale Nip so he won't stumble over them, and set him loose. He'd come right back to Tuck, even if he was fifty miles away, instead of just at Donkeyback."

There was the flurry of the man's gathering up his belongings—his telescope bag, the pillow to put behind his head on the stage-coach—of his good-by to his wife, his grateful thanks to Dora and Mitie.

The woman was still wiping her eyes when a mountain ravine swallowed up the sight of her husband and the mule. She asked the two girls into the kitchen and took up her interrupted churning, telling them again how grateful she was for the loan of the mule. Dora and Mitie watched interestedly as she swished the dasher up and down in the cedar churn.

"Oh, dear, if I just had a buyer for this

place, I'd go right on down to Denver and take the stage back, too!" fretted the woman as she churned.

Dora said, "This is the kind of a place we've always dreamed about having."

Mitie put in eagerly, "We've always wanted a house with white scallops and white chickens, and Hittybelle always wanted a black-and-white cow."

"Our cow is brindle. My man thinks brindles are better milkers." The woman stopped churning. "There now, the butter's come! See the little chunks of it sticking to the dasher. I'll take it up."

Defly she reached into the churn with a wooden paddle, lumped the butter together on top of the buttermilk, then scooped it out and into a wooden bowl with salt rubbed into it. "The salt," she explained as they backed away after peering into the churn, "keeps it from sticking." She worked the buttermilk out of the butter, then covered the soft, pale-yellow mass with water, cold and fresh from the well, and left it to become firm before she worked it further and molded it.

Dipping up mugs of the thick, butter-flecked milk, she offered them to the girls. "So you like the place? I'd like to see you folks buy it, as long as it's to your liking."

Dora put in hurriedly, "But we haven't enough money yet to buy a house."

"If you've enough to pay down so I could pay my stage fare across the Great Plains to Missouri, I'd call it an option and let you move in. You know I feel right folksy toward you girls—and you so prompt about helping my man."

Dora sat staring at the woman. It didn't seem possible that their dream—so exact in every detail except that the black-and-white cow was brindle—was being handed to them across the oilcloth-covered table with the same friendly generosity as the buttermilk.

Mitie said, "Aunt Hitty couldn't find any fault with us here, could she, Dora?"

Dora thought of the heavy mustard can and full leather pouch—almost feeling her fingers pinching out the "bits" of gold dust. "I'm sure there's enough dust and nuggets for your stage fare. We took it in at our performance several nights ago."

"Land o' goodness!" the woman exclaimed. "My mind's been puzzling the whole time to place your faces. I saw you play in *King Lear* in Donkeyback last summer. I call it to mind so plain, because that was the day my man bought me my sewing machine from a man who went through with a wagonload of them. Oh, dear, and I don't see how I can take it back with me! I'll have to leave it for a spell anyway."

Dora and Mitie looked admiringly over at the brightly varnished machine, lorded over by a shiny wheel. The woman would have shown them how beautifully it worked, but Dora could not wait to get home and tell Mother and Grand Patrick and the rest that their dream was about to come true.

In her eagerness she would have forgotten the beets, but Mitie remembered them. The woman pulled some in the garden patch that lay between the kitchen and the well. She put them in a gunny sack, and handed them up to Dora, who had already mounted the mule.

"We'll come back with the folks and the money," Dora told her.

Pale Tuck was resentful of being ridden double. He was fidgety because Pale Nip was

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

not clomping along beside him, and he kept Mitie in a nervous state. Dora's mind was too filled with plans to notice. She guided Pale Tuck back over the mountain trail, with blue jays scolding at them and squirrels scampering across their path, with Mitie riding behind her and gripping her tightly around the waist. "Now, Mitie, we don't need to worry any more about Aunt Hitty," she exulted in an ecstasy of relief. For what possible fault could Aunt Hitty find with them, living staidly and industriously on a farm, and selling chickens and butter and eggs instead of hair tonic? Milking the cow and washing dishes at night, instead of playing Shakespeare?

At the miner's shack, the girls tumbled off their reluctant mount hurriedly. The Dramatic Company were outside in the shade of the cabin. Grand Patrick and McKean were back from fishing, with a catch of speckled trout. Hittabelle had given a bath to Good Luck. She was scolding him, and trying to keep him in the sun while she dried him. The smell of homemade soap and fish and pines were all mingled together.

Just as hurriedly and eagerly as they tumbled off the mule, the girls tumbled out the story of the farm which was theirs for the asking—perhaps not quite for the asking, but for a small payment down. "The scallops, the white chickens—only the black-and-white cow is a brindle, but she's a good milker."

"Even your sewing machine, Mother," Dora cried, "and a garden for you, Grand Patrick, where you can grow flowers and herbs! The woman said it was nice, sandy loam, and that the whole place lies in a sheltered valley. And then we won't have to worry about Aunt Hitty."

Strangely enough, there was no answering enthusiasm. "You do want it, don't you?" Dora asked, puzzled. "You can't think of anything else to wish for. They've even planted a cottonwood tree, and in a year or two we can put up a swing in it for the Codger."

"Yes, yes," they all agreed, a little weakly. "It does sound wonderful."

"Then, Mother, you and Grand Patrick ride back to the farm," Dora urged. "It isn't very far from Donkeyback. I suppose there'll be papers to make out." In her anxious impatience, she walked inside, reached up to the always handy two-by-four where they had put the mustard can of gold nuggets, their pouch of gold dust. The mustard can was light and empty.

She stood in the doorway, searching all their faces. "Where are our gold nuggets? And the gold dust isn't here, either!"

"Oh, dear heart alive, you mustn't feel bad!" Mother answered. "We had no idea you'd find a farm we could buy. We used the gold nuggets and the gold dust to grub-stake old Sam."

Nell said, "He hadn't any food, Dora, and he hadn't a cent to buy—oh, whatever it was he needed to get his gold out of the ground."

"He needed a series of sluices," Grand Patrick hastened to explain, "and some quicksilver. You see, Dora, this gold formation is what you call blossom rock—and he has to put it through these sluices with a riffle board at the bottom, and behind the wooden cross bars of the riffle frame he has to have pools of quicksilver to catch and hold the heavy gold that'll sink to the bottom."

"Don't tell me," Dora cried. "What do I care about sluices and riffles?"

(Continued on page 35)

For Kitchen Capers in Camp or Cottage

An Apron of crisp apple green percale is gayly trimmed with narrow bands of red and blue, and a wide band of daffodil yellow, with yellow trefoil pocket. Small, medium, and large. 8-294.....\$1.95

Brownie's Apron is similar in style, but of bright printed percale on a yellow background, with brown trim. Small, medium, large. 8-291\$1.85

The Recipe File, with indexed accordion-type compartments, will delight the vacation cook. The pressed cork, natural color with brown trim, is washable and non-inflammable, and the ribbon tie adds a pert but practical air. 11-611\$1.00



The Pot Holder, checked and bound in yellow, with the delightful design in green, has a metal eyelet for nail or hook. 11-592\$1.10

Paper Napkins, 24 strong, are printed in green and brown on linen texture paper, with cellophane wrapping to keep them sanitarily safe. 11-613.....\$1.10

A Cookie Box, of sturdy metal, is cork covered, to match the recipe file. Enameled borders are red, and the colorful cover design of painted cork. Diam. 8", height, 3 1/4". 11-593\$1.25

GIRL SCOUTS, Inc.
National Equipment Service
19 W. 49th St., New York, N.Y.



Back to School

with the Younger Crowd *in clothes that you will adore*

School doors will soon be swinging open. You'll be entering a new class . . . and all agog to do some smart pace-setting with your new fashions. All right. The way is made easy. Just cast your eye on these new younger-crowd styles—outfits to score points at any school gathering. If you are an individualist, and what gay, alert young thing isn't? . . . you'll appreciate all the clever little details that make these winsome clothes so "different."

● **HISTORY** class. Classroom indispensable in all-wool plaid. Cute turn-back pockets. Deep pleats all around bias-cut skirt. Wine and brown, or blue and red.

Sizes 10-16

Price \$12.95

● **GEOGRAPHY** lesson brings her to school in an impeccably tailored cashmere and mohair coat. Velveteen collar, epaulets, and flap pockets. Princess style in wine, brown, or green. Sizes 10-16

Price \$25.00

● **MUSIC** . . her favorite subject. And her favorite suit, a man-tailored style in gray flannel. Pert, high, wing lapel and wing-slanted pockets. Rakish skirt with deep culotte pleat.

Sizes 10-16 Price, Jacket \$9.95; Skirt \$8.95

● **DRAWING** admiration . . . a schoolroom frock with gobs of style. Navy or gendarme blue wool gabardine, with red leather belt. Smartly flared skirt. Sizes 10-16 Price \$12.95

● **DANCING** into the limelight, an enchanting party frock in velvray faille taffeta. Pretty brocaded effect in turquoise blue with flower trimming, and cap sleeves.

Sizes 10-16

Price \$14.95



HISTORY



GEOGRAPHY

Send stamped, self-addressed envelope to Fashion Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City for names of stores in your locality that carry the merchandise shown on these two fashion pages



A GARMENT GRIPPER THAT HOLDS BLOUSE AND SKIRT TOGETHER

will help you achieve a trim, well-groomed look. It's no longer cute to be careless. The trimly turned-out girl is the one who bags the complimentary remarks. Here's a clever little "gadget" that will keep your blouse or sweater firmly attached to your skirt, whether you are wielding a tennis racket or doing your "daily dozen." You'll find it at the notion counter of most department stores, at a moderate price.

If you are a Girl Scout engaged in earning the Clothing Badge, you'll find this fashion feature helpful in following activities 3 and 4 on page 272 of the Girl Scout Program Activities pamphlet.



MUSIC



DRAWING



DANCING



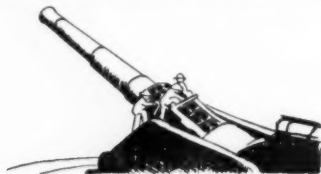
IN STEP WITH THE TIMES

By Latrobe Carroll

TOWARD HEMISPHERE HARMONY

The avalanche of events abroad has made North Americans and Latin Americans realize, as never before, that all the countries of the Western Hemisphere are bound together in one destiny. This realization has led to endless discussion of "hemisphere defense." But experts who have been studying the situation assure us that much hard thinking, much laborious planning, must still be done before the nations of the Americas can give a clear answer to this question: Just what do we mean when we say we are going to defend the Western Hemisphere?

News dispatches state that countries to the south of us have been taking stock of their



means of repelling foreign invasion. This stock taking has brought out some striking facts. The combined air forces of the twenty Latin American republics total scarcely seven hundred planes. The naval strength is hardly a dozen battleships and cruisers—most of them nearly obsolete. These countries have perhaps three hundred thousand men in their regular armies and about a million and a half in their trained reserves. But as a rule, the men lack modern equipment. The number of anti-aircraft guns can be put at approximately zero.

All this would seem to indicate that the United States must be the hemisphere watchdog—a watchdog that must grow—fast—a new set of big, costly teeth. The greatly enlarged navy, army, and air force that we are to give ourselves must have new bases at strategic points along our coasts and on outlying islands. But for New World defense, the United States will almost surely need military, naval, and air bases in various South and Central American countries. Since Uncle Sam wants to be a good neighbor and not an international bully, he would, presumably, build such bases only when he is invited to—or when, at least, he is unopposed. Will South and Central American countries cede territory for such bases?

Experts point out that hemisphere strength and harmony call for much more than armed preparedness. Equally important is commercial unity. At this writing, plans are being worked out, in Washington, for an economic Pan-American union—a sort of super-

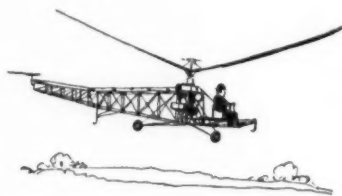
corporation to force European dictators to bargain with the Americas as a hemisphere, rather than with isolated American nations, when they seek the New World's great stores of surplus foods and raw materials. This plan looks forward to greatly increased trade between the Americas. It may, however, call for sacrifices—a willingness to let down barriers to inter-American commerce. Can such a bold project succeed?

Armed defense, economic defense: both call for deep study; both bristle with questions. Together, the twenty-two peoples of our hemisphere must study, must think questions through, answer them, take action—or else face dictators' threats to our ways of life.

FLYING WINDMILLS

During the summer of 1922, a strange machine began to make flights near Dayton, Ohio. Instead of the wings of a conventional plane, it had paddlelike, revolving arms rather like a windmill's. It did not run across the field for a take-off, but rose straight up. Instead of flying swiftly through the air, it hovered, almost motionless, a few hundred feet above the ground.

This contrivance was the world's first helicopter. It had been built for the Army Air Service by Dr. George de Bothezat. Though it made more than a hundred flights



without accident, army experts took little interest in it.

Several years ago, however, Dr. Heinrich Foché, one of Germany's aeronautical experts, perfected a helicopter designed for use in warfare. That roused American airplane builders. Now Igor Sikorsky, one of the best known of our plane designers, has come forward with an experimental helicopter (sketched in this column) which may prove to be the precursor of vast numbers of the odd-looking aircraft.

Mr. Sikorsky's machine can take off and land vertically. It can stand still in the air, move forward, backward, sideways. In fact, it's as gifted as a hummingbird.

Possibly it may prove to be the long-awaited "plain man's plane."

THEY DO A HUMMING BUSINESS

Air-conditioning appliances are now cooling many homes, stores, offices, theaters. But those little engineers, the honeybees, have been air conditioning their homes for tens of thousands of years. Naturalists have discovered how they do this. The insects put tiny drops of water in the openings of hundreds of hive cells giving on the open air. By driving air through these cells with a fanning motion of their swift wings, they cool their dwellings by evaporation. The surface temperature of a hive standing in the sun may be a hundred and twenty degrees, but inside it does not rise above ninety-five.



Another neat trick of bees was discovered within the last year by Professor K. von Frisch of the University of Munich. He made experiments which convinced him that they have a sort of sign language.

He changed the construction of certain hives so he would be able to see what was going on inside. Later, he marked many dozens of the insects and thus made sure he could identify them.

By observations extending over many weeks he learned that if a bee found a new, untouched source of food in the neighborhood of the hive—a flowering bush, for example—it would suck nectar from a number of the blossoms. Then it would fly straight home and deliver the sweet, precious stuff to some of its fellow workers in one of the chambers of the hive.

Next, it would do a sort of dance, turning round and round with quick, tripping little steps. The other bees in the chamber would press close to it, keeping their feelers as near its body as they could. Presently they would turn away, clean their wings and antennæ, and leave the hive. Flying off in many directions, some of them would soon find the blossoming bush, though in no case did the original discoverer lead them back to it. Clearly, the discoverer had made the others understand they had overlooked something very good.

The professor ended by saying it's hardly surprising that bees are called "the wonder insects."

We can only agree with him.

SING for your SUPPER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

"But he'll pay us back," Hittybelle put in hurriedly. "And we won't have to wait long, either, he said. He said it'd be like casting our bread upon the waters."

"I've heard all that before," Dora answered heavily. The day had lost its brightness. A welter of disappointed sobs replaced that bubbling, planning ecstasy inside her. "We can't keep on—dodging Aunt Hitty. Now I'll have to go back to her. That's why I wanted the chicken farm." She couldn't say any more or the sobs would come tumbling out, so she walked unsteadily over to the wagon.

Phineas was beside the wagon with his two blackbirds, training them; he was whistling to them, chiding them, petting them. He seemed happier than she had ever seen him. "You'd have laughed to see old Sam running around like a badger out of his hole—he was so plumb set-up over getting a grubstake," he told her. "Yeh, he started off for Donkey-back in such a hurry he forgot to bridle his burro."

A cold fury, born of Dora's bitter disappointment, lashed out at him. "I wish I had never seen old crackpot Sam! I was right, that first day, when I tried to keep the folks from picking you up, because I knew you were just a down-and-outter who'd sponge off us. What right did Sam have to take our gold? We worked hard for it. If I'd been here, he wouldn't have talked Mother out of it."

Phineas's face went pale, so that his eyes seemed bluer and his hair redder than ever. He looked bigger as he took a step nearer her—Dora thought for a second he was going to shake her. But he held his clenched hands at his side. "No, of course he wouldn't have! If you ask me, you could out-shrew Katharina in that play Shakespeare wrote. What's old Sam's happiness to you? What do you care that once he worked in a mine for two years, and just when he had enough gold to go back to his wife, his partner stole it all and ran away with it? And Sam's wife died before the old fellow could get to her. Or that, later on, he struck pay dirt—and some crook, with the law on his side, jumped his claim. No wonder he's gone a little dickey. But he's sure now that he's close to pay dirt. Maybe we are spongers—"

"Maybe!" she choked. "There's no maybe." She pushed past him, unseeing because of the sobs that shook her whole body. Climbing into the wagon, she dropped the back cover down to shut him out and herself in, with her inconsolable grief.

Long seats ran the length of the wagon. With blankets folded over them, they made fairly comfortable beds for three or four of the troupe. Dora dropped down on the floor of the dim, sultry wagon, buried her head in a tumbled blanket. The blankets, even as their costumes, had that unmistakable smell of the stage—grease paint, glue, candle smoke, tarnished tinsel, and spilled hair tonic. Here she sobbed out her grief. Disappointment over the chicken farm, dread of Aunt Hitty—and something else she could hardly define. Phineas. . . There was no use hoping now that Phineas could ever do more than hate her.

About fifteen minutes later, when her sobs had spent themselves, Mother climbed into the wagon. Dora mumbled a lame excuse for



"—Always a crowd in Peggy's room!"

"She paints . . . she writes stories . . . she dances! There's nothing Peggy can't do! And, golly, on top of everything else, she's the prettiest girl in school! But there's another reason why we all like Peggy—and why we look up to her, too. She's always so friendly and sure of herself. She's as natural as she can be. It doesn't much matter what happens—Peggy never loses her poise!"

IT'S DIFFICULT for a girl to be always poised, always self-confident, if she is worried about being embarrassed or uncomfortable several days a month.

That's why so many girls with Peggy's carefree outlook rely on Miracle Modess to bring comfort and security to "difficult days."

Here's the difference!

Modess is not a layer-type napkin. It has a downy *stuff*-filler! So airy-soft that it moulds to the body perfectly—without bulk or bunching! And now, in addition, Modess has a special new feature called "Moisture Zoning" that means greater comfort than ever before!

See for yourself!

Cut a Modess pad and you'll see why Modess is *softer*! The filler is very different from the close-packed, papery layers found in some napkins!

And Modess *stays* softer because "Moisture Zoning" acts to direct moisture *inside* the pad. Now, longer than ever before, edges stay dry and comfortable!

New peace of mind!

A special moisture-resistant backing makes Modess safer, too! Take out the special backing from a Modess pad. Drop some water on it and see for yourself that not a drop strikes through. Easy to understand why Modess brings such peace of mind!

A *blue line* on the back of every pad marks the proper way to wear Modess.

And here's more good news! Though softer and safer, Modess costs no more!

Ask mother today to buy the Students' Bargain Package of Junior Miracle Modess . . . a slightly narrower pad made especially for you!

her red eyes. "My foot still hurts a little—and this shoe of Nell's that I had to wear because mine was so trampled, it's too small."

But Mother knew that it was a heart that hurt more than a foot. She dropped down beside Dora. "Oh, Dora, *asthore*, I'm a sorry bungler to bring this grief upon you."

"Why are you always helping people?" Dora asked flatly. "All anyone ever has to do is tell you a hard-luck story. Look at all the miners who swore they'd pay you back if you just loaned them a stake. It's almost funny. For you never get it back."

"No, I never do," Mother admitted.

"And you needn't expect it back from old Sam, either."

"No, I don't expect it, Dora."

"Then, Mother, why do you always help them?"

Mother said gently, "I don't know whether I can put it into words or not, Ladybird. It's just something inside of me that's bigger than any reasoning. I can't help doing it. Not when so much has been given to me—so much."

"Who gave it to you?"

"God. Always He's given to me with a lavish hand. No one is so happy, or has so much as I have—and that's why I can never be small and miserly with others. No, I don't expect it back. But I can never refuse doing for others, in my poor way, when nothing was ever doled out or counted out to me." She ended lamely, "Now that doesn't sound like sense, does it?"

Dora answered, "No, but it does sound like Mother." It came to her with startling clarity, that if Mary Mallory had been different, perhaps a motherless baby, born sixteen years ago in a friendless rooming house in New Orleans, might not be alive to-day.

Nell came to the wagon, poked her pretty flushed face in under the back flap. "Dora, you haven't forgotten that we still have McKean's play, have you? We can go ahead, just as we planned to. We'll put on his play, and it won't take more than a few performances to make us rich—because it can't help but bring down the house. It'll be terribly funny one moment, and pathetic the next. The audiences will love it. And then, when

the play has made us a fortune, we'll buy another chicken farm. McKean and I will ride all over and hunt for another one with scallops and white chickens."

Behind her stood McKean, and through the flap which Nell still held open, Dora could see Grand Patrick, giving a feeding of grain to Pale Nip who had returned to the wagon and rejoined Pale Tuck.

Grand Patrick called over his shoulder to Dora, "Don't let your heart be despairful, Ladybird. To be sure, we still have McKean's play. We'll talk to this Aunt Hitty, when she's calmed down and reasonable, and explain that only a few short days are between us and our chicken farm."

"Is the play all written, McKean?" Dora asked. "You said it was almost written."

McKean cleared his throat. "It's practically written, except for a few details."

"It'll be those few details that'll wear down McKean's enthusiasm, and maybe this play will go the way of all those other plays he's started," Dora thought. She sat on in the wagon after the others had gone.

Presently the back curtain was parted, and Phineas addressed her stiffly. "I didn't realize that the money the folks advanced old Sam had cheated you out of your farm. Even if we are enemies, I'd like to make what reparation I can. There's one thing I can do. I'll be a regular slave driver with McKean, so he'll keep at his play till he's finished it. I'm going in now and make him work on it."

When Dora entered the shack a few minutes later, McKean was spreading his sheaf of papers on the crude table, and Phineas was saying, "Now, where are you stuck?"

The Dramatic Company all gathered about the table. Dora brought in the sack of beets, untied it, emptied out the dusty, purplish roots. She peeled them, built a fresh fire, and set them to cooking.

McKean could not sit at the table long. He couldn't think or talk without walking the floor. "Now here the chimney sweep has the baby on her hands, and she's hungry and the baby is hungry. And she can't go cleaning chimneys because she can't leave the baby. And she demands her money from the rich man, but he won't pay her because—be-

cause—don't you remember in the very first scene she drops down a brick on his top hat?"

"Ah, that's a nice bit where the brick squashes down on his two-gallon hat," Grand Patrick chuckled.

"Picture this, all of you," McKean went on. "The audience is feeling the hunger of the little chimney sweep, of the child wailing plaintively in her arms. She begs for food from the rich man and is refused—even threatened. Yet on the other side of the fence, we see all sorts of tempting viands."

"And then what?" Dora asked.

McKean threw up his hands dramatically, "I don't know. Something miraculous ought to happen. But what?"

Phineas said excitedly, "My blackbirds! I was working with the two of them all morning, training them to pick up an object and bring it to me. I believe I can train them—anyway the blackest one, for she seems the smartest—to pick up a bun and bring it over the fence to the chimney sweep."

That would be wonderful! Every eye was shining as they planned it. Happiness and hope pushed away the disappointment in Dora's heart. McKean, with Phineas at his elbow, scribbled on and on. When he would have stopped at the end of Act II, Phineas prodded, "Now let's go ahead and do as much of Act III as we can before dark."

The smell of cooking beets filled the small cabin. The Codger was tired and hungry, and Dora thinned canned milk for him, broke biscuits into it, and fed him. The rustle of papers, the scribbling of McKean's pencil, the arguing about the parts went on.

The young dog yelped playfully and jumped at the buckles on Grand Patrick's boots. Grand Patrick called him to Dora's attention. "Look, Ladybird, that horseshoe isn't tilted, now is it? It's holding every bit of our luck in it, God willing." And Mother said, with smiling reminiscence that warmed Dora's heart, "You were the sweetest of all our babies, Dora."

If only Mitie hadn't spoiled it all by saying, "Do you suppose Aunt Hitty is sitting there yet, in the hotel in Oratown, with her milk of human kindness still soured?"

(To be continued)

MY BOOK AND HEART

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

a free-for-all, and was not limited to the members of the Offshore Club—that exclusive organization which persistently considered Bushy as beneath its notice. The hour was to be seven-thirty, to give time for sunset fuel collecting before the fire was started; the clothes (which pleased Bushy) were of the most informal; the food (which pleased her even more) was bountiful, consisting of unlimited marshmallows and equal quantities of crackers and chocolate wafers. Two crackers, with a red-hot marshmallow and a softly melting square of chocolate between them, formed a mouthful Bushy could repeat almost indefinitely. The night was perfect—stars and a small moon, the sand soft and deep and cool, the fire towering gorgeously, lighting strangely the surf's edge and all the young faces in the ever-shifting circle. It would be long before the leaping flames died to a bank of suitable embers and in the meanwhile, there were songs and a story or two and a great deal of chattering.

Bushy and Marjorie sat side by side for a time, then Bushy got up to try out a marshmallow in a fire still so big that it immediately crisped the candy to a coal. Lofty at

once dropped down beside Margie in the space his sister had vacated, and stared complacently into the firelight.

"Nice party, eh?" he said, turning a grinning face to Marjorie. Suddenly he stiffened; a visible thrill ran through him.

"What is the matter?" Margie asked. "Did a crab get hold of you or something?"

"Nothing—nothing at all," Lofty babbled, trying to relax.

But he would have liked to leap up and go whooping around the fire like an Indian. For the hand he leaned on had suddenly closed on something lying in the soft sand. A small, smooth, leather-bound volume. Bushy's Book—dropped where she had been sitting there next to Marjorie! The Book, the famous Book, fair prey, this time, and no mistake. He leaned as nonchalantly as possible on his quivering hand, and wondered, aloud, if the fire was right for toasting yet. Margie wondered, too, and presently got up to go over where the sticks and marshmallows were being dealt out. Lofty, in one swift and stealthy motion, transferred the little book to his pocket, and then followed her.

The party broke up only when there were

no more marshmallows and no more fire. The quietness of repletion settled gently upon the crowd. They wandered homeward in their various directions, under the summer stars. Bushy was sleepy, sticky, and saw no point in Lofty's remarking, "Ah-ha!" at two-minute intervals all the way home.

"Is that a hiccup, or are you really trying to say something?" she demanded.

When they reached their own piazza, Lofty motioned his sister to a standstill. Then, establishing himself where the light from the living room shone out from a window, he reached into his trousers' pocket, and with the flourish of a conjurer, drew forth the small leather-covered book. Bushy started, then subsided at once.

"She sure must be full of marshmallows, not to pounce on me," Lofty thought fleetingly, as his sister continued to lean against the railing in a bored attitude.

"Don't tell me *you've* taken up the habit of recording your thoughts, too?" she said.

"What do you mean?" he frowned. "Now we'll see!" He flipped open the book and peered at it in the rather uncertain light. Then a supercilious smile crept over his face.

"A perfect day," he read in a high and mocking voice, "Lofty took me sailing." (What a whopper—I didn't, either!) "Such heavenly weather, and the sea like melted sapphire." (Pretty, eh?) "He really does sail a boat well—and he looks so romantic doing it." Heh! This is an unexpected treasure. I never thought to hear this from you, I must say!

Bushy was beginning to stare. Her mouth opened to make some comment, but Lofty hastily turned a few pages. "Lovely morning," he read mincingly. "Lofty and Jem and Babs and I took a long walk out to the headland. L. held forth all the way—his command of language really is marvelously impressive, and his gestures are so noble." (Say!) "Jem looked stunning in a bright red shirt." See here, Beatrice, I just don't get it. All these imaginary happenings. And Jem in his red shirt—you would admire that. Like a fireman. "Jem looked stunning in a red shirt." Heh, heh, heh!

"What have you got there, Edward Ryder?" Bushy asked solemnly, interrupting his giggles and approaching him slowly. Her brother held the book teasingly above his head.

"It isn't at all what I expected," he wheezed between bursts of laughter, "but it's certainly rich to hear you going on this way!"

"Lofty, stop—give me that book," Bushy cried. "Lofty, you mustn't!"

He kept her at arm's length with a hand planted firmly on her chest.

"And what a vivid little imagination," he cackled. "You weren't even on that walk. It was me and Jem and Babs and Mar—Marj—"

His arm dropped like a leaden thing, and his voice trailed off into a series of inarticulate gurgles. With a shaking hand he turned suddenly to the flyleaf of the book, and in the stricken silence that fell like a pall over the Ryder piazza, Bushy tiptoed up and looked over his shoulder. The page was lettered in menacing black flourishes:

"My book and heart

"Shall never part.

"Who opens this book

"Therein to look,

"Shall curses reap

"That rob of sleep!

"MARJORIE WALTON OLMSTED

"HER DIARY"

"Oh, migosh," clucked Lofty feebly. "Oh, migosh, migosh—this is too awful!"

"It's just what you deserve," said Bushy unfeelingly. But he did not hear.

"She—she must've dropped it," he babbled. "She was sitting next to you. Course I thought it was your dumb old book. Oh, land—what in thunder did she have to drag her diary out on a picnic for?"

"Probably wanted to write down all her impressions as they happened," Bushy said. "Then it got too dark, and she didn't, and never missed it. She will, though."

"D'you need to tell me?" Lofty groaned. "Well, I'll just have to take it to her in the morning; tell her I—found it."

"Yes, and have her always with a sneaking wonder in the back of her mind whether you looked at it or not."

Lofty's white face went crimson. "Do you think for a minute—" he roared.

"You don't seem to have any com—compunk—oh well, you don't seem to mind reading other people's private books," Bushy remarked.

"That's totally different," Lofty said.

"Can't see that it is," said Bushy, "but we won't go into that. Point is, that if you take

it to her, she'll just have that horrid little doubt always. Anybody would."

Lofty drew himself up. "She knows I'm a man of honor," he said. "She'd never do me the injustice of suspecting—"

Bushy shook her head. "Human nature's human nature."

"You mean that girls have snooping, jealous, suspicious natures," Lofty retorted.

Bushy sat down again on the railing. "You make me laugh," she said. "You certainly do. You're one to talk."

Lofty had gone glassy eyed again. "What'll I do—what'll I do—what'll I do?" he mumbled.

"I don't know what you'll do," Bushy said. "But I know exactly what Margie will do. Gimme the book, and I'll try and fix it so she'll never know anybody found it at all. I'm not doing it for you, mind, but for Margie. I know how she'll feel."

"Give it to you?" squeaked Lofty. "And have you reading it?"

"Lofty Ryder," said Bushy, "you deserve to be slapped! All right, get out of your own mess." She opened the screen door.

"Hey!" begged Lofty. "I—I didn't mean exactly that! Did you say you could fix it so she'd never know anybody found it?"

"I said I'd try to," Bushy replied coldly. "I'm just banking on Margie's reactions. If it doesn't work, you'll simply have to be a little man and take it to her, but I'd rather you didn't."

"I'd rather I didn't," muttered Lofty.

"Gimme the book, then," said Bushy.

Lofty passed it over with a shaking hand, and Bushy put it in the pocket of her slacks.

"Well, children," Mrs. Ryder called as they came in, "have a good party? Mercy! You both look pretty sick. I'm afraid, for once, you really had too many toasted marshmallows."

"I think I'll go right to bed," Lofty gabbled, streaking upstairs.

Bushy followed, but neither escaped the kindly ministrations of their mother, bicarbonate of soda in hand.

The "curses that rob of sleep" undoubtedly beset the pillow of Edward Lofting Ryder, for through the thin partition, Bushy could hear his groans and tossings far into the night. Her own sleep was troubled, and her uneasy dreams centered around two similar little leather-bound books—both lying safely at the bottom of her handkerchief drawer.

Bushy knew at what hour the dawn would come, and she had set her alarm clock for just a little before that time. The clock she had put under her pillow, to muffle its untimely warning from her sleeping family. She now shut it off hastily, dressed in speed and silence, and padded softly downstairs. The first light was just paling over the sea, and the beach looked cold and gray and singularly desolate. The blackened circle of last night's driftwood fire, and the trodden sand around it, seemed very cheerless in the faint and chilly dawn.

Bushy paced slowly around the circle, reconstructing the scene of the evening before. Then she stooped down and slipped something into the soft sand. Presently she stooped again. Then she sat down in the lee of a dune to watch the sunrise and the road up the hill. She wished very much that she had remembered to bring along a bite to eat. But she had not long to wait. Very shortly, from the direction of the Olmsted's cottage, a solitary figure came hurrying, exactly as Bushy had expected. Before the approaching girl had seen her, Bushy busied herself on



SAFE, every day of the month from the feeling of insecurity and the irritation of improper Sanitary Protection. Only the finest is worth trusting at critical times. And, the finest always means Venus Sanitary Napkins.

Even your health may be undermined by the jangled nerves that so many women endure because they have not discovered Venus.

For twenty-five years this excellent product has protected countless women, its finer quality bringing complete protection and real economy. Real cotton (not paper) in a specially knitted covering (not harsh gauze) that conforms to every movement and ALWAYS protects.



VENUS REGULAR—A dozen in the familiar blue box. Three sizes to exactly suit every need.



VENUS JUNIOR—In the new package: same quality, a little smaller, for slender women and teen-age girls.



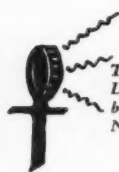
VENUS TRAVELING PACKAGE—Still the same fine quality, amazingly compressed into a tiny box that slips into the purse. 3 napkins with safety pins.

If your store cannot supply you with Venus Products, write Dept. A

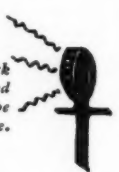


VENUS CORPORATION 1170 BROADWAY, N.Y.
424 S. BROADWAY, LOS ANGELES

WHAT'S ON THE AIR?



This list has been selected by permission from the Educational Radio Check List published in "School Management Magazine." Programs are sponsored by Columbia Broadcasting System, the Mutual Broadcasting System, and the National Broadcasting Company. The time indicated is Eastern Daylight Time.



Please check the times by your local newspaper.

SUNDAYS, P. M.		9:00-9:30 NBC-Blue	<i>Cavalcade of America</i> —A dramatic presentation of the mighty course of American life, through the stories of the men and women who have molded it.
2:30-2:55 CBS	<i>So You Think You Know Music</i> —A musical quiz program.		
5:00-5:30 NBC-Red	<i>The World Is Yours</i> —Dramatizations of the world of science as revealed in the scientific investigations and exhibits of the Smithsonian Institution: Aug. 4, From Librarian Jungle to Zoo; Aug. 11, Champlain in New England; Aug. 18, Mexico, Land of Silver; Aug. 25, Exploring Cave Dwellings of the West.	1:15-1:30 NBC-Red	<i>Nature Sketches</i> —Broadcasts of Raymond Gregg's informal wayside chats with his nature class as they hike through Rocky Mountain National Park Wednesday afternoons: Aug. 7, "Fish and Eggs"—a visit to a fish hatchery; Aug. 14, "Flowers of the Summer's End"; Aug. 21, "Count His Legs"—a discussion of insects and Arachnida; Aug. 28, "To-morrow's Plants"—discussion on fruits and seeds.
7:00-7:30 CBS	<i>The World This Week</i> —Columbia correspondents in Europe and the United States review the news of the week.		
8:00-8:30 CBS	<i>The Columbia Workshop</i> —Unusual radio dramas, using the latest sound effects and radio techniques.	2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Rutgers Homemaker's Forum</i> —Children's story-telling hour. During August, stories of high adventure, facts, history, and wild animals will be told. Book lists will be supplied to boys and girls who are interested.
8:30-9:00 NBC-Red	<i>One Man's Family</i> —Widely popular drama of family life, and recently voted the best dramatic serial on the air. Teddy, the young girl in the family, is of Girl Scout age.	9:30- CBS	<i>Lewisohn Stadium Symphony</i>
9:00-10:00 CBS	<i>Ford Sunday Evening Hour</i> —Detroit Symphony with famous musical artists as guests.		
MONDAYS, P. M.		6:15-6:30 CBS	<i>Outdoors with Bob Edge</i> —A hunting and fishing expert recounts anecdotes and stories of out-of-door adventures, and furnishes useful information to sporting and nature enthusiasts.
2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Radio Garden Club</i> —Conducted by Agricultural Extension Service at Rutgers University in cooperation with various Garden Clubs and Brooklyn Botanical Garden: Aug. 5, Gardens of the World: Summary; Aug. 12, Plant Lilies this Fall; Aug. 19, Gardens of the World—and Yours; Aug. 26, Sculpture for Small Gardens.		
5:00-6:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Children's Hour</i> (Mondays through Fridays)—and repeated an hour later for Western listeners. This includes four fifteen minute radio programs:	2:00-2:30 NBC-Blue	<i>Your Voice and You</i> —Monologues and sketches which are amusing as well as instructive and show the right and wrong uses of the voice.
	5:00-5:15 <i>Rocky Gordon</i> —Dramatization of the story of America's railroads, packed with exciting adventures.	2:30-2:45 MBS	<i>Radio Garden Club</i> (See Mondays): Aug. 2, "If Your Garden Is a Window Box"; Aug. 9, "Launching the Lawn"; Aug. 16, "New House Plants for Old"; Aug. 23, "Design, the Basic Quality in Floral Art"; Aug. 30, "Closing Your Shore Garden."
	5:15-5:30 <i>Malcolm Claire</i> —Fables, original stories, and interpretations of historical events.	4:00-4:15 CBS	<i>Exploring Space</i> —Dramatizations of stories of constellations and planets by the director of Adler Planetarium in Chicago.
	5:30-5:45 <i>Irene Wicker's Musical Stories</i> —"The Singing Lady" dramatizes a variety of stories, from traditional fairy tales to true childhood stories of great men.		
	5:45-6:00 <i>Bud Barton</i> tells the story of a typical boy, about twelve years old, who lives an exciting and, for the most part, happy life in a little Middle West river town.	11:15-11:30 MBS	<i>This Wonderful World</i> —Girls and boys take part in a nature quiz program conducted from the Hayden Planetarium.
8:30-9:00 NBC-Red	<i>Voice of Firestone</i> —Symphony Orchestra directed by Alfred Wallstein, with Richard Crooks and Margaret Speaks alternating as soloists.	11:30-12:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Our Barn</i> —Madge Tucker, known to children everywhere as "The Lady Next Door," presents a series of weekly shows from her famous "barn" with child actors she has trained.
10:30-11:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Adventure in Reading</i> —This series stresses the lives and works of those authors whose writings led to further progress in social and political thought: Aug. 5, Emily Dickinson; Aug. 12, Sir William Blackstone; Aug. 19, Thomas DeQuincy; Aug. 26, Ben Jonson.		
TUESDAYS, P. M.		12:30-1:00 CBS	<i>Let's Pretend</i> —Classic fairytales dramatized by Nita Mack, with a cast of young actors.
8:30-9:00 NBC-Blue	<i>Information, Please</i> —Celebrities and intellectuals are put "on the spot" to answer questions sent in by listeners.	12:30-1:30 NBC-Blue	<i>National Farm and Home Hour</i> —Presented in cooperation with the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Offers the latest and best farm and home information available to farm families and provides music and entertainment.
9:00-9:30 NBC-Red	<i>Musical Americana</i> —An all-American musical program designed to make Americans better acquainted with the truly fine music which our country has produced and is producing. Keyed to all musical tastes, <i>Musical Americana</i> hopes to win over those who look down on American popular music and, at the same time, to inspire a keener appreciation of serious music in those who "can't understand it" or "just don't care for it."	1:15-1:30 NBC-Red	<i>Calling All Stamp Collectors</i> —News and information of interest to philatelists, presented in cooperation with the National Federation of Stamp Clubs.
		1:15-1:30 CBS	<i>Highways to Health</i> —Medical talks for the layman, arranged by the New York Academy of Medicine.
		8:30-9:00 NBC-Red	<i>Listener's Playhouse</i> —A weekly dramatic series featuring new radio plays and experimental radio production techniques.

Be sure to check times by your newspaper. The programs as presented here were as accurate as the broadcasting companies and WHAT'S ON THE AIR? could make them, at the time of going to press. However, emergencies that arise in the studios sometimes necessitate eleventh-hour changes in program listings.

hands and knees, combing diligently through the loose sand. Margie did not see her until she was almost on top of her—and then she stopped with a little gasp of surprise.

"Bushy! What are you doing out here at this hour?" she cried. "You gave me an awful start."

"What are *you* doing out here, I might ask?" Bushy inquired.

"Oh, I simply love the dawn," Margie explained a little self-consciously. "I thought it would be fun to sneak out and take a little walk on the beach before anybody in the world was awake."

"Well," Bushy yawned, "personally, I'd rather be in my bed—but I lost my precious little book last night, and I wanted to try and find it before anybody else did, or before it got trodden into the sand so I'd never get it."

Marjorie's pretty face went a deeper pink. "Why, how funny!" she exclaimed. "I mean—no, of course you wouldn't want anyone else to find it. Your precious book that you write all sorts of things in? Oh—do let me help you look for it!"

"Will you?" said Bushy eagerly. "Oh, thanks a lot! It's like looking for a penny in the sea—all this soft sand. I know just where I may have been sitting, though."

"You were over here, beside me, part of the time," Margie said hopefully, taking her bearings and then beginning to grope.

"I was over here, too, near the food," said Bushy, digging at a discreet distance.

They explored for some time in silence while the saffron light strengthened over the sea, and the strange dawn shadows began to creep down the folds of the dunes.

Presently, out of the tail of her eye, Bushy saw Margie pause in her sifting and then, with a little gasp, quickly slip something into her pocket. Bushy gave a sigh of genuine relief and kept on digging.

"Probably one of those big saps tramped it down a mile with his stupid hoof," she grumbled, "and I'll never find it."

"Oh, I'm sure you will," Margie cried, in a surprisingly blithe and confident voice. "It's wonderful the way one *can* find things in the sand. Oh, Bushy, here it is! Isn't this it?" She was holding up a small, well-worn leather volume.

Bushy sprang to her feet. "You bet it is!" she shouted. "Well, I declare! Oh, Marge, how can I ever thank you? I don't believe I'd ever have come across it myself—and it would have been too awful if anyone else had."

"Too awful," Margie agreed heartily, smiling all over.

Bushy had meant to crawl back to bed and snatch another hour of sleep when she returned—but Lofty, rather sketchily clad, was awaiting her on the piazza.

"I was watching you through the glasses," he said. "Well? Well? What happened?" "She found it," said Bushy calmly. "All is O. K."

"I don't get the point," said Lofty. "If you were merely going to plant it, why couldn't we have gone back and done that last night, without all this crawling around in the dawn?"

"Wouldn't have been sure of it," Bushy told him. "We wouldn't have known whether she found it or not—or whether somebody else did. I had to *see* her find it—not that she knew I did! I banked on her coming out first thing this morning before anybody would have picked it up, or tramped it in. It's instinct."

"Yes, but how in creation did you explain yourself? You didn't just go out there and lead her to the spot, did you?"

Bushy sighed. "Haven't you any sense?" she wondered. "My dear Edward, I, too, had lost my precious little book. I, too, was out there at daybreak with the same purpose in life. We were two distressed females who'd lost their secret volumes. Only Marge gave out that she'd come to view the sunrise, and she kindly helped me look for my book. In the course of which, you may be sure she found hers."

There was a pause, in which Bushy yawned and said, "Glory, it'll be an age until breakfast! I'm going to smuggle me a snack."

Lofty put out a hand and detained her. "You mean," he said slowly, "that—it was really your ghastly little book that saved the honor of Edward Lofting Ryder?"

"Well, if you want to put it so prettily at five-thirty A.M., I guess that's just about it," Bushy acknowledged.

Lofty suddenly bent his tousled head with a cheek turned upward.

"Huh?" said Bushy.

"I'm waiting to be slapped," Lofty said in a small voice.

Bushy emitted a strange choking sound not easy to identify. Then she seized his sunburned nose and planted a large and noisy kiss on his ear. Lofty, following his sister in the direction of the ice box, rightly interpreted it as a token of peace—and in the furthest depths of his heart, he felt it was more than he deserved.

MISS DOWNING SPEAKING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

head, not the heart." He went back to his office.

I had begun to relax somewhat about losing my job, because I really had worked hard at improving myself. Then something happened that altogether shattered my self-confidence. It was on Thursday of that first week after Miss Hoffstetter left. I had started to lunch, then I remembered some letters I was supposed to mail, so I went back. Just as I walked in, I heard Mr. Rutledge saying, "A nice girl, good disposition but incompetent. I will have to make a change."

I turned red to the tips of my ears and sneaked out. It wasn't so much losing the job, because Father doesn't really want me to do it—I mean he thinks that woman's place is in the home. I wouldn't starve, even if I wouldn't get to go to the Rose Bowl—but my pride was hurt. I didn't want Pete to tease me the rest of the summer about my business career. I didn't want Fanny to feel I had let her down, because, after all, she had recommended me. And I didn't want Harry to think I was dumb, because he had promised me that if his father had an opening he'd see that I got the place, and they pay you fifteen dollars without batting an eye. You don't have to work up to it.

But I did my best to finish the week creditably. On Saturday morning, I dusted with unusual care and removed my cosmetics and a few other personal belongings from my desk drawer. I typed all the letters Mr. Rutledge had dictated, and laid them neatly on his desk, à la Hoffstetter. At noon, Mr. Rutledge came out and laid a check for seven dollars on my desk.



WHAT'S ON THE SCREEN?

This list has been selected by permission from the movie reviews published in "The Parents' Magazine," New York City



—FOR AGES TWELVE TO EIGHTEEN—

Excellent

ALL THIS AND HEAVEN, TOO. A remarkably faithful staging of the first half of Rachel Field's novel of the same title. By beginning the picture in America and flashing back to the main story, which takes place in France, the later happiness of the tragic heroine is suggested without being recorded. Perhaps the beautiful production impresses one beyond all else, though the acting of the whole cast is superlative. Bette Davis, as Henriette, and Charles Boyer, as the Duc de Praslin, give performances so restrained, yet with such subtle projection of overtones of emotion, that their mutual attraction is in the great romantic tradition but remains convincingly dominated by their love for the de Praslin children. Moreover, the director (Anatol Litvak) has taken four excellent child actors (Virginia Weidler, Richard Nichols, Ann Todd, June Lockhart) and made them into a completely lovable family, as real and unforgettable as the Marches in "Little Women." The neurotic wife is brilliantly played by Barbara O'Neill, so that it is believable that she brought her murder on herself. Mature but not objectionable. (Warner)

MORTAL STORM, THE. A tragic story of the divisions made by Nazi doctrines among a harmonious group of friends in Germany. All of the characters are presented with understanding—the ones who join the Storm Troopers (Robert Young, Robert Stack) are no less tragic in their enforced persecution of friends than are the dissenters (Margaret Sullivan, James Stewart) in risking their lives for their opposite convictions. Aside from the important things this picture has to say, it is a masterly example of film narrative. Phyllis Bottome's novel has been changed in several respects, but all are highly successful in making the story visual and the message more forceful. A picture which every American old enough to understand it should see. (MGM)

MY LOVE CAME BACK. Utterly refreshing, this picture gayly combines romance, music, human interest, and that instant appeal known as charm. Each player presents new graces so that there are constant surprises in the acting of Olivia de Havilland, Jeffrey Lynn, Charles Winninger, and all the rest. (Warner)

PRIDE AND PREJUDICE. Despite the delightful presence of Greer Garson and that faultless 18th century sophisticate Mr. Darcy, played by Laurence Olivier, the famous romance of these two is muted to highlight the comedy of a feather-brained mother (Mary Boland) with five girls to marry off amidst the aggressive competition of other mothers with marriageable daughters. Edmund Gwenn as the studious and humorously resigned Mr. Bennet is a perfect foil for the hysterics of his wife. Although played for comedy, their characterizations faithfully mirror Jane Austen's remarkable understanding of the complexities of personality. In addition to Greer Garson's glowing Elizabeth, the other Bennet girls are sharply individualized by Maureen O'Sullivan, Ann Rutherford, Marsha Hunt, and Heather Angel. The minor characters, the beautiful backgrounds and costumes all contribute to a nostalgic picture of an England that is past, which is a more than welcome relief from present realities. (MGM)

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS. If you have forgotten what a good story this classic of school-boy life is, you'll be happily reminded in the film version which is extraordinarily well done in all departments—narrative, background, direction, and acting. Although the action takes place over a hundred years ago, it is extremely timely to have such a spirited restatement of the ideals of honesty and fair play which revitalized the English public school (prep school) system a century back. Dr. Thomas Arnold, who as headmaster of Rugby introduced these needed reforms in secondary education, is brought to life in the film through Sir Cedric Hardwicke's notable portrayal. Jimmy Lydon as Tom Brown and Freddie Bartholomew as Tom's roommate are fine, as are all the boys in the cast. The atmosphere of Rugby in the 19th century is recreated without affectation, perhaps because the director, Robert Stevenson, a grand-nephew of Robert Louis Stevenson, is an English-

man himself, thoroughly steeped in public school tradition. (RKO)

Good

ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE. Not content with the feminine interest provided by his home town, Andy moons over magazine pictures of debutante number one of New York society. When his schoolmates find the glamour girl's picture in Andy's book, he claims to be the object of her affections, never dreaming he'll have to make good his boast on an unexpected trip to New York. Andy's attempts to meet the heiress get him into many amusing situations from which he is finally extricated by his old friend Betsy Booth (Judy Garland). (MGM)

MANHATTAN HEARTBEAT. This is a remake of Vina Delmar's story, "Bad Girl," played with engaging naturalness by Robert Sterling and Virginia Gilmore as the boy and girl who meet, fall in love, marry, and have a baby. Joan Davis does an interesting characterization as the wife's friend. (Fox)

ON THE SPOT. Frankie Darro is featured as a boy who gets into trouble through aiding a dying gangster. Manton Moreland, colored comedian, provides the comedy. Amusing mystery. (Mono.)

POP ALWAYS PAYS. This is the type of unpretentious but fast-paced comedy which it is a pleasure to recommend for light entertainment. Leon Errol is very funny as the father who promises his daughter's improvident fiancé (Dennis O'Keefe) a thousand dollars if he will save a thousand. Errol's consternation when the young man succeeds in producing the money, while Pop's own bank balance is near zero, leads him to many rash and amusing subterfuges. (RKO)

PRIVATE AFFAIRS. Roland Young plays with his usual skill another meek little man catapulted into a position of importance through a series of farcical events. Hugh Herbert is also amusing as the taxi driver turned valet. It all begins when Young, disinherited years before by his father for having married the girl of his choice, hears that the still domineering head of the Bullerton family is forcing Young's daughter to marry a man she doesn't love. It ends in approved romantic fashion. (Univ.)

ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGERS. The Texas Panhandle in the days before it became a part of our country is the locale of this "Three Mesquiteres" Western. The particular task of the knight errants is to free the people of this district from a mob of desperadoes. (Rep.)

THREE FACES WEST. The almost identical problems of foreign refugees and our own migratory farmers are brought together in this story of a group seeking new homes in the forests of Oregon. The contribution of the Viennese doctor (Charles Coburn) in inspiring the group to pull together, as well as in stemming an epidemic of disease among them, is heart-warming. (Rep.)

UNTAMED. The Canadian Rockies in technicolor are the immeasurably beautiful background of this picture. The story is based on Sinclair Lewis's "Mantrap" and tells of a brilliant but dissolute young surgeon (Ray Milland) who goes to the mountain wilds of Canada to mend his shattered nerves and there finds adventure, romance, and absorbing work to do. Though the narrative is a bit choppy, and plot development somewhat dated, the acting is very good (especially Akim Tamiroff). But you've never seen anything more thrilling on the screen than the blizzard. It's inspiring, too, to see men battling the elements instead of each other. (Para.)

—FOR AGES EIGHT TO TWELVE—

Excellent

TOM BROWN'S SCHOOLDAYS

Good

**ANDY HARDY MEETS DEBUTANTE
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RANGERS
UNTAMED**

For descriptions of the Eight-to-Twelve films, look under Twelve-to-Eighteen heading

"Thank you very much," I said. I put on my hat to leave, for I knew I wasn't expected to work Saturday afternoon. I didn't know exactly what to say. I mean I thought it was his place to tell me I needn't come back. But when he didn't, I said, like Miss Hoffstetter, "Mr. Rutledge, I have enjoyed working for you."

He sort of stiffened as he does when he's startled and said, "Do I understand by that that you are leaving, Miss Downing? You will not be back?"

"But I thought," I stammered, "I mean I wondered—that is, I didn't intend to, but I couldn't help hearing you say I was incompetent and you'd have to make a change."

At that he frowned in a puzzled way. "I think you are mistaken," he said. "I did not say that. Your services have been satisfactory, considering your lack of experience. And your work is improving. I have noted that."

"But you did say that, Thursday," I told him. "I heard you, though I didn't mean to."

"Ah," he said, "now I remember! I was referring to the colored girl who keeps the apartment for my mother and me. Delia is her name. A natural mistake on your part."

My heart was beating so fast I was simply panting. I didn't pretend. I mean I simply beamed. "I'm glad it was Delia, not me," I

said. "I like my job ever so much. I'll see you Monday morning."

The telephone rang. I went to answer it. "Investor's Bank and Trust Company," I said, "Miss Downing speaking."

"Is that so?" said a very impudent voice. "Well, Miss Downing, will you be at leisure about 12:30? This is Mr. Lee. Plain Harry. Not Light-Horse Harry. I'd like to take you to lunch."

Well, I knew Mr. Rutledge could hear, and the book said always keep your personal affairs and your business life separate. So I said, "Thank you very much. I will be delighted," and I hung up.

Mr. Rutledge opened the door for me as I was leaving. He is very polite and I am sure that, in his way, he has a kind heart and would lend more money if he were sure it would be paid back with interest.

I stopped at the cashier's window and opened a bank account. Mr. Harris, Julia's father, is the cashier. He showed me how to endorse my check, and how to make out a deposit slip. He gave me a bank book with my name in it, and a four-leaf clover made out of aluminium, with a new penny in the center of it. "We give one of these for a luck piece to each new customer, Lucy Ellen," he explained. "You are our newest."

"Thank you so much," I said, and tucked it proudly into my bag.

When I went outside, there was Harry parked at the curb in a beautiful demonstrator. We drove to the Blue Horse for lunch. I said I'd have a sliced chicken sandwich and a glass of milk.

"Nothing of the kind," insisted Harry. "We haven't had a date in two weeks, remember. How about a filet mignon with mushrooms, sliced cucumber salad, peas and new potatoes?"

"But Harry," I said, "that's extravagant. You ought to think of saving something for your old age."

"Now you're talking like a banker," Harry said. "'A penny saved is two pence clear.' 'Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves.' Well, not to-day. I sold two cars this morning and what's more, I'm celebrating."

"So am I," I told him. "Look at this!" I drew out my little new bank book and handed it across for him to see. He opened it up and read aloud, "Deposited to the account of Miss Lucy Ellen Downing, May 21, 1940, seven dollars, no cents." He handed it back to me with a smile of approval. "Good going, Miss Downing!" he said. "Keep it up a million days and you'll have a million dollars!"

BLUE BLOSSOMS in CAROLINA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10

four poles, making a canopy to protect the passengers from the sun. Mrs. Lucas had as her guests Colonel and Mrs. Pinckney and Susan Bartlett from Charles Town, while the girls had invited a group of young people from the neighboring plantations, making in all a party of twelve people. From the stern seat, black Jacob steered the light, well-balanced craft and set the tempo for the spirituals the boatmen sang as they bent to the long oars. Jacob knew that the quicker the beat of the music, the faster would be the progress of the galley.

When Eliza saw the large gathering on the lawn of Drayton Hall, she was glad she had worn the gown her father had sent her several months earlier. At the time of its arrival, they had all exclaimed at its beauty, but there had been no function suitable for its first appearance. The kincob damask of which the dress was made had been woven in China, and Colonel Lucas had picked it up in Antigua from the captain of a trading ship. Delicate shades of yellow, blue, violet, and pink were blended in the material, and the manteau maker in Charles Town had cut it in the latest style, to be worn over a very large hoop—for hoops were growing larger every year, according to the fashion news from England. The stomacher was of Eliza's own handiwork, for the embroidery on a white silk ground must match the colors in the brocade. The sleeves reached to the elbows, and at the back of the dress two huge plaits gave added width. Eliza had dressed her fair hair in a pompadour and caught the curls together at the nape of her neck with a wide band of gold. She had begged off from wearing a hat.

"The wind on the river will distress me, Mother," she said as she dressed, "and I can use my blue cardinal cloak and pull the hood over my hair; then it will look tidy when I arrive."

Drayton Hall was the largest estate on the Ashley River and its rolling lawns sloped down to the landing stage. Now the gardens and terraces were dotted with the bright

colors of the ladies' dresses. The gentlemen were not to be outdone, either, in color or fashion. Their coats of dark brocade or velvet were cut with the tails square and very full. The long waistcoats, elaborately embroidered, were of a paler shade. The satin breeches were white, or pale gray, or tan, and were worn with knee-length stockings to match.

Tables, set in the shade of the huge cypress trees, were laden with dishes of oysters and shrimps, cooked with spiced sauces. Platters of sliced ham and chicken were served in buffet fashion, and the cakes, which had been days in the making, were tiered with elaborate icing, finished sometimes with a figurine or a flower. Silver muggins held strawberries, and at one end of the banquet table was a great bowl of Spanish oranges, probably taken from a captured ship.

At the east of the house, where the afternoon sunshine did not confuse the players, a bowling green was laid out, and here the young people gathered to play. Eliza, after a couple of turns at the game, cast her glance toward her mother resting on a *chaise longue*, surrounded by her friends. Polly, she observed, was flirting with young Jasper Pinckney. The chatter of her own companions failed to interest her, and her thoughts strayed to affairs at home. She was chiding herself for the seriousness of her mood, when Jasper came toward her with a strange young man.

The stranger was tall and straight. His hair was not powdered like that of the other young men, though he wore it as they did, long and braided in a queue that was tied back in a club at the nape of his neck. His coat was not velvet, but a much lighter material. It had been dyed a deep cobalt blue, such a shade as Eliza had seen only in the yarn dyed from her own indigo.

"Here's a gentleman who wants to meet you," said Jasper. "Mr. Charles Wharton of Philadelphia—and he's come a long way to see the girls of Carolina."

Mr. Wharton returned Eliza's curtsy with

a bow. "Philadelphia is only a step from Charles Town," he demurred. "Mr. Pinckney refers to the fact that I have sailed the seven seas upon the ships my father builds, Miss Lucas."

After a few minutes' conversation young Jasper excused himself, returning to the coquetties of Polly, and Eliza strolled with Mr. Wharton down a gravelled walk that led to a broad terrace above the grove of cypresses. This esplanade was famous throughout the colony. On either side it was lined with high bushes of privet, clipped in grotesque shapes. At intervals stood marble statues that Mr. Drayton had brought from Italy. Down the center of the widest section was a deep lagoon that reflected the colors of hedge and sky.

Mr. Wharton paused. "Let us sit here and talk a while, Miss Lucas," he said, indicating a garden bench.

Carefully disposing her enormous hoop, Eliza seated herself. "Tell me, Mr. Wharton," she said, a little shyly, "have you truly been around the world, as Jasper said?"

"Twice," he answered, taking his place beside her. "This time last year, I was in India."

"India!"

"My father's ships circle the globe for trade," he told her. "It is a life of real adventure. Once, off your very coast, we escaped the clutches of Spanish pirates. That was on my first voyage."

"We live in dread of them," Eliza told him. "Sometimes they raid our plantations, carrying off the slaves—and then we cannot work the land."

He smiled down at her. "You speak with such seriousness," he said. "What can you know about working a plantation?"

"I am working my father's plantation," she replied. "He has left it in my charge during his absence in the West Indies."

Mr. Wharton's face expressed astonishment. "How came that about?" he asked.

So she told him, closing the story with a sigh. "If only I knew a little more about

indigo! Your coat, Mr. Wharton, is the color of the indigo blossoms in late May."

"My coat was dyed in India," he answered, "where indigo is a native plant. I made a study of the dyeing process while I was there, and I will tell you everything I know about it."

Her face glowed, then a shadow crossed it. "But you'll not be here in June when the plants mature? I am saving most of this crop for seed. Oh, how you could help me!"

"I'll tell you now, and write down the directions for you."

If Mr. Wharton thought the afternoon a strange one, he did not say so. They sat talking of indigo until the shadows of the privet hedge made thin penciled marks across the lawn. When the reception was over, he escorted Mrs. Lucas to her galley, resting now on the ripples of the moonlit river, and accepted her invitation to visit the plantation on the Wappoo when his ship should again dock at Charles Town.

As the galley pulled out into midstream, Jacob set the pitch for the Negro boatmen to harmonize with "Dar's a golden path what leads to Hebbin."

AT THE first of June the fields along the Wappoo were blue as the night sky. It was a large crop, larger than Eliza needed to produce seeds for several sowings, so the vats were made ready, the pipes given a final test. If all went well, she would find some trader to carry a shipment to England, proving to the authorities that her product could rank with the best indigo from India.

The weather had turned very warm and Mrs. Lucas kept in the shelter of her cool rooms. Polly had gone to Charles Town to visit Cousin Susan Bartlett and get the proper religious training on Sundays at Saint Philip's. The air was pleasant with the heavy fragrance of summer, and Eliza ordered the first cutting of the indigo to be made on the second Monday in June. At three o'clock, mounted on her brown horse, she was out with the Negroes in the pale dawn, for the mowing must stop when the sun was high, lest the plants wither under its heat. The scythes swung evenly to the rhythm of plantation songs; the crude carts, pulled by oxen, drew away toward the factory shed, filled to overflowing with the blue flowers and small green plants. To the sheds went Eliza also when the heat called the men in from the fields. There, with her dress looped back over her shorter petticoat, she hurried back and forth among the vats, directing the degree of temperature at which the solution must be kept during the steeping process, for she knew Mr. Wharton's directions by heart.

Many hours later on, the thick liquid was ready for the beating vats. Eliza had caught snatches of rest, and the third shift of Negroes was working now. Her hair lay in damp rings, her hands were stained blue. Suddenly she looked up to see Mr. Wharton coming toward her along the pipe line.

He held out both hands, but she drew hers back ruefully.

"Never mind your blue fingers!" he cried. "You deserve a lot of praise, Miss Lucas. I never saw a finer stand of indigo."

"This is experimental work," she answered. "I'll let the rest of it go to seed. Some of the mal is ready for drying. Will you give me your opinion of it?"

He peered over the rim of the lowest vat, looking critically at the thick, mudlike substance.

"It looks right to me," he said. "Let the

men keep up the beating until all the liquid is evaporated. My ship has put in at Charles Town for a week's stay. Some of your cubes of indigo will be ready by the time we sail, and I will take them to London. I think your dye will compare favorably with that from India."

Eliza's heart sang. "What a beautiful color the dye is—such a clear orange and green!" she cried. "Jacob, sing faster, let them beat hard so we will have indigo to ship to London! Mr. Wharton, I shall make you another beautiful blue coat, the same color as the one you wore to the fête—though the first one goes to my father!"

Mr. Wharton smiled. "Better wait till I get back from London before you decide to consider yourself the first business woman in Carolina! Our hopes may amount to nothing." He looked at her keenly, noticing that her eyes were clouding over. "You see, it's this way, Eliza," he added seriously, "England needs money badly because she has a wastrel king and a parliament that is determined to fight Spain for the possession of the West Indies. To get money, England is levying heavier and heavier taxes on the colonies. It may be that the duties and customs charges will be so high you cannot raise indigo profitably. On the other hand, England needs indigo—and it is costly to bring it all the way from India. Our West Indies do not produce enough of it for the needs of the cloth makers in Great Britain."

"I must learn more about marketing," Eliza said, her face clearing.

"Let me take care of that. Go on raising your crops, and I will do the best I can to sell the indigo for you."

The summer waned and, with the cool weather once more upon them, Mrs. Lucas insisted that Eliza go to Charles Town to pay Cousin Susan Bartlett a long visit.

"You have worked very hard this year, my dear, and a vacation is your due."

"But, Mother, I am so happy here, and I do not want to leave you alone."

"I will not be alone. Polly will be with me, and there is a chance that George will be sent out to join your father at Antigua, now that he is old enough to be in the army. If that is so, he will come home for a visit."

"I would not want to miss that," Eliza said.

"I will send for you if he comes, child; I would not have you miss your brother, either. If you spend the winter with Cousin Susan, you can tell me all the London gossip, which I sorely need. And do learn some new tunes for the spinet, our music is all so old."

Finally Eliza was prevailed upon to go. The chaise took her to Charles Town, with her hide trunk strapped on the back of the coach.

Several weeks later, Miss Bartlett said reprovingly to her young cousin, "Eliza, all your conversation with the gentlemen who come here is about indigo. Do you want them to take you for a blue stocking?"

"Yes, ma'am, I do," the girl laughed, her eyes sparkling, "if the blue stockings are dyed with my indigo! I'll tell you a secret, Cousin Susan. I am trying to make these planter friends of yours sow a crop of indigo this year. I feel confident that Mr. Wharton can make good terms for us—and that is all we need to become people of wealth. I brought five sacks of indigo seed with me, and I am giving it away to all who promise to plant it!"

"But that will kill your own prospect of

GYPSY TRIPS ADD ZEST TO CAMPING

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

o'clock and we were hungry. We were anxious to reach the beach, too. While on our way, the Scouts saw three whales in the ocean.

Kalapana Beach was never so appreciated as when we finally hailed it. We had no difficulty in finding a cool spot where we could enjoy our delicious picnic lunch. After our meal we rested for fifteen minutes, then decided to hike to the Cave of Refuge. In this cave were hidden the warriors of King Kamehameha, an ancient Hawaiian ruler, who was at war with another king. When the enemies came, they thought the soldiers could not be in there, for the entrance looked too small for them to enter, so they went on.

The cave is indeed difficult to enter, for one has to crawl most of the way. After one crawls for about fifteen minutes a large room is reached. It is in this underground room that the Hawaiian soldiers were protected. There is a large windowlike opening which looks out into the ocean, but no one can enter through this window made by nature as there is a very steep cliff beneath it which drops into the sea.

We had the hardest time finding the entrance to this famous cave. From time to time, one group of Scouts would shout, "We found it!" All would then rush over, only to find it wasn't the right one. Finally one of our leaders found the entrance hidden by bushes. We wanted to go in and explore the underground room, but as no one had a flash light we could not see our way and were obliged to go back.

After a swim, we climbed back into our automobiles once more and headed toward Hilo. Everyone had enjoyed the adventurous outing, and some were already talking about bringing guides to direct us through the famous Cave of Refuge on Memorial Day.

Juanita Noa

JUDGES of the PHOTOGRAPHY CONTEST—

"This Appeals to Me"

THE AMERICAN GIRL is happy to announce that the following persons have consented to act as judges in the photography contest that opened July first and will close November first.

MR. KENNETH WILLIAMS of the Eastman Kodak Company

MR. LARRY JUNE, amateur photographer, known for his circus pictures

MISS ETHEL MOCKLER of the Girl Scout Public Relations Division

On page 43 you will find printed the rules for this photography contest

Extra Cash FOR YOU!

Make money in spare time—show amazing value Christmas Cards. Beautiful exclusive design folders with sender's name imprinted, \$2.00 per \$1.00. You make fine profit. Also sell "Dollar King" box 21 folders—season's most popular \$1 Christmas Card Assortment. You make \$60.00. Free trial, no obligation. Rush Christmas Cards, Gift Wrappings. All fast selling. See sample on approval. Write today. Chas. C. Scherer Co., Dept. T51, Westfield, Mass.

Show Christmas Cards FOR 50¢

With Name

becoming the richest person in the colony! You should keep the seed for yourself."

"I want to share it, Cousin Susan. The Lucas family will have part of the money, too, and our neighbors will have the same benefit. My father would wish it so."

Before the spring came, Eliza was back again on the Wappoo, where everything was ready for the planting season. A letter had come from her brother George in England. He had become friendly with Charles Wharton, he said, and the two were returning together on *The Flying Cloud*, leaving England on the twentieth of November.

Eliza raised her eyes in alarm. "November? The twentieth of November? This is the seventh of March. *The Flying Cloud* is overdue!"

"I have been troubled about that," replied her mother, "but it is nothing yet to be alarmed at. I have already written to your father, and we should know soon if there is any news. We must both be brave—I did not tell Polly about the letter."

The days that followed were interminable.

JANEY FINDS A SKIPPER

"How much is the boat worth?" asked Janey speculatively.

"Oh, I should say about a hundred and twenty-five dollars. I'll let you have half ownership for sixty."

"Thank you ever so much," said Janey. "I'll let you know when we have the money."

She dived off the float and started with long, sure strokes for Orient Point.

"I'm glad I let her down easily," thought Miss Lever. But she reckoned without Janey, who had no intention of being let down easily.

"We've got to raise that sixty dollars," Janey told the fourteen prospective Mariners. "But we can't!" they wailed.

"Yes, we can!" Janey cried. "Miss Lever doesn't think we can, I know. We'll have to show her."

"I could make some of my fudge to sell," suggested Candy, whose cooking was noted.

"I could take care of babies," Mac mused. "Last year I made thirty-five cents an hour, taking care of the Hudson baby."

"That's it," Janey said. "All of us can do something that will make money. Zeke Penfield arranges flowers beautifully. Why shouldn't she offer to do it for ten cents an arrangement, for parties and things? And speaking of parties, Tess Beatty does those cute personal place cards. Couldn't you two girls combine and be a sort of party committee?"

"Add Jean Harcourt to the committee, then," said Tess. "She makes darling favors out of sea shells."

"Why not have a regular service bureau?" Janey said excitedly. "We can make up a list of the things we can do and send out letters, telling the prices, to people we know."

The Commissioner and Mrs. Carruthers, captain of Troop 5, encouraged the enterprise.

"Of course, Janey," Mrs. Carruthers reminded her, "if Miss Lever agrees to take over a Ship, it will mean she must take a Girl Scout Mariner training course, and she ought to take a general Girl Scout course, too. I think you are optimistic in believing she will fall in with your plans. But go ahead."

"Miss Lever," replied Janey, "never has any fun, I'm positive. That's probably what's the matter with her. I believe, if we give her

There was no news, and it fell to Eliza's lot to cheer her mother. As the girl went about her tasks, she tried to put the thought of disaster out of her mind. Then, one bright morning when the wind came like the clean spray of the ocean across the land, the anxiety was over. Three horses clattered up to the front entrance. Three masculine voices shouted for admittance, and Mrs. Lucas and the girls came running down the stairs with cries of joy.

Standing in the doorway were George and Charles Wharton and, looking over their shoulders, was Colonel Lucas!

When greetings were over, Mrs. Lucas asked, "How did you three meet?"

"It's a long story," her husband said, sitting beside her on the sofa, her hand in his. "*The Flying Cloud* met with a Spanish pirate ship, and the fight was going all against her when the frigate *Prince George*—the vessel on which I was—hove in sight. We made short work of the Spaniard, but *The Cloud* was badly battered, and we had to take her in tow. The hawser parted a couple of

time, she'll end up wanting to be Skipper."

The service bureau forged ahead under Janey's direction. It took care of babies, ran errands, made candy, cake, and cookies, planned and directed children's parties, and washed dogs. Janey herself took what she called the "darning department."

"I can't cook without using every pot in the kitchen and making a general hodgepodge," she declared. "And I have had luck when I take care of babies. They always fall down and bump their heads. When I make party favors, I get all mixed up in the glue, but I can darn a mean sock and mend stocking runs. There must be lots of women in West Haven who don't want to, or can't find time to darn."

There were. Janey's department was the most profitable of all. "When we get the Ship, our emblem ought to be crossed stockings on a field of darning cotton," she said.

At the end of two weeks the girls pooled their resources and found, to their immense delight, that they had nine dollars and seventy-six cents.

"I'll add some of my allowance to that," said Janey, "and make it ten. This is a wonderful start, and we ought to do even better now that people know about us and what we are trying to do."

"Why not take the ten right over to Miss Lever?" suggested Candy. "That will show her we are really working."

It was a surprised Miss Lever who came into her house from sailing to discover Janey, looking like a particularly mischievous elf in her green uniform, hair on end from a wild dash on her bicycle.

"Miss Lever, here is the first installment on the boat," she announced immediately, and before the astonished young woman had a chance to speak, she added, "We—the Girl Scouts who want to be Mariners—earned it ourselves."

With that she was gone, leaving Miss Lever holding a ten dollar bill and staring at the doorway through which her surprising visitor had just disappeared.

As Janey predicted, the second ten came more easily—within the week, in fact. This time, however, when Miss Lever was confronted with it, she was prepared. She had

times and we've been buffeted about. I didn't know George and young Mr. Wharton were aboard her till we landed this morning at Charles Town, so all their news will be as fresh to me as it is to you."

Charles Wharton spoke up. "Eliza, the London Board of Trade for business with the colonies will take all the indigo you can raise. Your fortune is made. When I told the officials that a woman had done it, they were full of praise for your achievement. It is a better grade of indigo than that raised in the West Indies, and for ten years no excess tax will be levied upon the crop. I have that concession in writing. Ten years ought to set Carolina well ahead of the other colonies."

Tears of joy welled up in the girl's eyes. "What is all this?" demanded her father. All speaking at once, they told him.

Colonel Lucas rose and kissed his daughter. "I am proud of you for what you have done, Eliza," he said. "But most of all I am proud of the spirit that prompted you to share the seed with the other planters."

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

learned not to be too amazed at anything Janey did.

"Just how are you getting this money?" she asked.

Janey told her about the Bureau, and Candy's fudge, Mac's caring for babies, Jean's favors, and finally about her own darning. When she reached that point, Miss Lever smiled for the first time since Janey had known her. Then she sat down and began to laugh.

Janey laughed herself. She had been afraid that possibly the cause was as hopeless as it seemed to the others, but if Miss Lever could just unbend like this a few times, the battle was won.

"Now look," said Miss Lever, still laughing, "I can't promise I will take over this Ship for you, but I see you are really interested in the water, and I'd like to meet this enterprising group. Why don't you bring them to see me?"

"Any time," answered Janey eagerly. "All right," mused Miss Lever, "how about Thursday?"

It was, then, not only a blow to Janey's pride, but to her belief in Miss Lever, when that lady sent a note saying she would be unable to see the Scouts on Thursday, and mentioned no other meeting date.

"Never mind," comforted Mrs. Carruthers. "If she doesn't want to have anything to do with you, she will send back the twenty dollars and you will be that much to the good."

"It's just that I had faith in her," mourned Janey.

"We can't change people's natures."

"I guess I just thought how nice she would be if she was nice, so I imagined her that way."

So, when a short note arrived from Miss Lever, inviting the fourteen would-be Mariners to her home at two o'clock on Saturday, Janey wondered whether she was going to tell them, once and for all, to leave her alone and to give them back the twenty dollars. She said nothing to the others, however, thinking they might as well wait for their disappointment.

Arriving at Miss Lever's, the girls were led by the butler to the terrace overlooking the Sound. Janey had seen this terrace on her first visit, but then there had been flower pots

surrounding it and gaily painted chairs about.

Now, to her astonishment, she saw it was no longer a garden terrace, but the deck of a boat. A ship's bell was over the door. At the far end stood a sea chest such as an ancient sea captain might have used. Signal flags were flying in the breeze, coils of rope lay about, and there was an old anchor, stained and mossy. A ship's wheel stood at the end of the terrace opposite the chest, and leaning against it, a twinkle in her eye, was Miss Lever.

"Miss Lever!" cried Janey. "I thought—"

"You thought I had failed you, didn't you?"

I almost had decided I wouldn't do it. Then I thought perhaps I wasn't having as much fun out of life as I might—so—well, here I am, ready to be your Skipper if you'll have me."

"Will we have her?" shouted Janey.

"Yes!" cried the girls.

"You'll have to bear with me, then," said Miss Lever. "I understand there is a good deal of training I must go through, but I promise to work hard. Meantime we can be planning our program. I have some equipment for us already. Besides what you see here, there are in the chest books on sea lore, canvas, sailmaker's twine, palms, and needles and charts. I also have a compass and a ship's clock."

Janey, who had closed her eyes in sheer delight, opened them. "Oh, look," she exclaimed, "there go the Sea Scouts again!"

"And a-cruising we will go," came their voices across the water.

"Do you know that song?" she asked Miss Lever.

"I certainly do. I'll lead it for you. Come on, girls, let's drown those boys out! 'Behold upon the swelling seas'—"

"With streaming pennants gay," they joined her.

"Our gallant ship invites the waves,

"While glory leads the way.

"And a-cruising we will go, o-bo, o-bo, o-bo!"

"And a-cruising we will go, o-bo, o-bo, o-bo!"

"And a-cruising we will go—o—o—o-bo!" rang out Janey's voice above the rest. "And a-cruising we will go!"

LUCY AUDUBON

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

than her dower, more than her heart to John. She kept for him a saving faith, wiser than good sense and never to be shaken through all the misfortunes ahead.

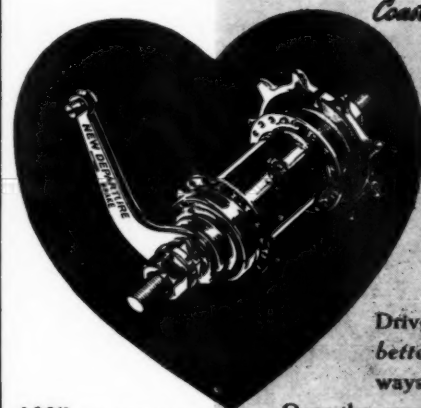
And now they thickened. Prospects in Louisville were so gloomy that Audubon and Rozier decided in the spring of 1810 to move their business to Henderson, some hundred and twenty-five miles farther down the river. They had heard that this was a thriving town with a great future ahead, so they tumbled their wares upon an ark and set forth. What they found awaiting them on the banks of the Ohio was a dismal settlement of log houses in the canebrake, inhabited by two hundred people, and these with no more than the primitive wants—for whisky, gunpowder, and stuff for rude clothing.

Lucy kept her chin up. She had a baby now, too, to be proud of. She had begun to detest her husband's partner, who was forever grumbling at Audubon's light-hearted absences in the woods and his absorption with his bird pictures. Couldn't he see, thought Lucy scornfully, that John was not

(Continued on page 45)

The Heart of the Bicycle NEW DEPARTURE

Coaster Brake in the Rear Hub



LOOK FOR THE NAME
NEW DEPARTURE ON THE
HUBS OF YOUR BICYCLE

Drives and coasts and brakes
better. Certain in its action al-
ways—hot or cold, wet or dry.

Over the years the choice of 12 million
riders, because NEW DEPARTURE is
lightest weight and has greatest braking
power. The genuine costs no more.

The American Girl sponsors a Photography Contest

for its readers. Twelve cash prizes will be awarded for the best snapshots submitted under a general classification entitled

"This appeals to me"

The range of subjects you may choose under this title is unlimited. Anything that appeals to you, and of which you take the best picture you possibly can, is eligible—pictures of people or places you love, your pets or other animals, a favorite view, sport, game, or hobby. You'll be able to think of many interesting subjects that will appeal to you for pictures.

WE'RE GOING TO GIVE CASH PRIZES!

FIRST PRIZE, \$10.00—SECOND PRIZE, \$5.00—TEN \$1.00 PRIZES

THE CONTEST OPENED JULY 1, 1940, CLOSES NOVEMBER 1, 1940.

All entries postmarked up to midnight of November 1st will be considered eligible.

RULES

1. Entrants may submit as many pictures as desired, but all must have been taken by the sender during the period of the contest. Prints taken prior to July first are not acceptable.

2. Each print must be clearly marked in ink on the back with the sender's name, full address, and age. State also if you are a Girl Scout and if so, give troop number, and your leader's name. Each print must be marked with the name of the camera and the name of film used.

3. Entries will be judged on attractiveness of composition and quality of photography.

4. Your snapshots may be made on any type of film, but must not be made on glass plate negatives. Developing and printing may be done by a photo-finisher or the entrant. No print or enlargement

more than ten inches in the longest dimension will be accepted. Pictures should not be mounted or framed.

5. Winners must be prepared to furnish negatives of winning pictures. Do not, however, send negatives until requested by the contest judges.

6. Not more than one prize will be awarded to any contestant.

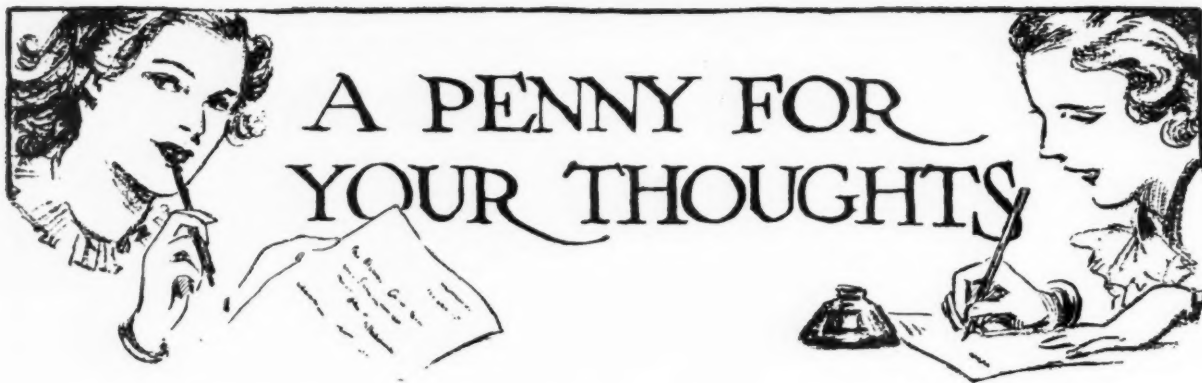
7. All prints become the property of THE AMERICAN GIRL. No prints will be returned to the senders, nor will entries be acknowledged. THE AMERICAN GIRL reserves the right to reproduce in the pages of the magazine any photograph submitted in the contest.

8. Address all entries to: Photography Contest Editor, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York City.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF THE PRIZE WINNERS will be made in the February 1941 issue (See Announcement of Names of Judges on Page 41)

EARN EXTRA MONEY QUICK
NEW 21 CARD Assortment
Amazing Christmas Card Seller
Everybody wants new \$1 Assortment of 21 beautiful Christmas Cards. Added feature! Extra GOLD METALLIC SEALS
FREE! Can be used to "personalize" cards to Mother, Dad, Relatives and Friends.
80¢ profit. Extra bonus. 11 other Assortments.
Christmas Cards with names—\$5 for \$1.
Start earning NOW! Get Samples on approval.
FRIENDSHIP STUDIOS, 531 Adams, Elmhurst, N. Y.

YOU CAN MAKE UP TO \$200 IN CASH BEFORE XMAS
Use and sell new Pine Tree Christmas Cards. No experience needed. Full or spare time. Great new line and very low prices. Exclusive Box Assortments, Personal Cards, Gift Wrappings, etc. Wonderful money making plan for churches, clubs also sent FREE. For samples, just write: Pine TreeGreetings, Dept. D-3 Harrisburg, Pa.



THE BEST MOVIE TO SEE

CINCINNATI, OHIO: Although I have only received *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since Christmas I feel that I know it very well. I enjoy the articles on the movies, and I find *What's On the Screen?* very useful. It helps me in deciding the best movie to see.

I am thirteen years old and am in the eighth grade of Junior High. My favorite indoor hobby is reading. Books about school life are my favorites.

My favorite outdoor sports are baseball, horseback riding, and bicycle riding. I do not horseback ride very much since we live in a city but, in summer when we go away on our vacation, my sister and I are able to.

Patty Hampson

A MOVIE FAN

BALTIMORE, MARYLAND: I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL* since June, and I think it is a grand magazine for girls. I especially like the Bushy and Lofty stories. There is only one thing I can't understand—why is Bushy so long-suffering? I simply adore the Lucy Ellen stories, too. She's so comical.

I'm twelve years old. I love golf, badminton, tennis, and swimming—and, of course, I'm a great movie fan.

Carolyn Payne

THE QUINTS

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY: I've been receiving *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost two years. I first became interested in the magazine in our school library and determined to obtain a subscription.

I have a wide range of hobbies, including sewing, cooking, reading, gardening, Scout-ing (as I am a Girl Scout), and baseball.

Last summer we toured Canada and visited the famed Dionne Quintuplets. I thought they were sweeter than any picture ever taken of them.

Janet Harnisch

"OH, BOY!"

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON: For Christmas I received a subscription to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*. Oh boy! I sure wouldn't have missed getting it for the world. There is nothing I enjoy more than to cuddle up on the davenport and read my latest issue—but I usually get through much too soon.

My favorite character is Midge. She's always so full of fun and just a typical girl

of that age. I don't think I've ever read such interesting articles as in *THE AMERICAN GIRL*—and I've never seen anything quite like *A Penny for Your Thoughts* in any other magazine, so whenever I get my issue I always look at that first.

My hobbies are playing the piano, singing, ice skating, reading, swimming, and collecting perfume bottles.

I am working towards being a secretary when I grow up, and I wish you would please have some articles on that subject.

Nancy Matzdorf

A HELP IN WINNING BADGES

DOVER, NEW HAMPSHIRE: This is the first year that I have taken *THE AMERICAN GIRL*, but I have read my sister's copies for three years. I believe I like Lucy Ellen the best of all the characters, but I don't know, because all of them are interesting.

I have been a Girl Scout for two years. I passed my Second Class about a month ago, and I find that the magazine helps me a lot on my proficiency badges.

My hobby is collecting dolls. I have about sixty of them. The largest is two feet and the smallest about one-half inch.

I also have a collection of stones. I have over a hundred different kinds.

For my outdoor hobbies I believe that swimming ranks first.

Claire Cheney

GOOD COMPANY

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA: I am a Girl Scout and I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost two years. I keep all my magazines in a wooden book for snapshots. I have a friend, my age, who stays home alone quite often and doesn't have much she can do, so I lent her my book of *AMERICAN GIRL* magazines. She kept it till she had read all the stories. She told me they were the best company she could have. I lend my new magazines to her as soon as I am through reading them.

I, myself, enjoy *AMERICAN GIRL* poems, articles, and all so much that when my two years of subscription is up, I'll surely subscribe again.

Patricia Ness

A GRAND ORGANIZATION

WEST PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA: I have been taking *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for almost five years and I feel ashamed of myself for not

writing before this to add my humble compliments to the grandest magazine in the world.

I can't say that any stories are better than others for they are all tops, but I just eat up the stories about Midge, Phyl and Meg, Bushy and Lofty, and Lucy Ellen. Until recently I did not read many articles but now I read them all.

I am fourteen years old and in the ninth grade. I have been a Girl Scout for more than two years and I think it is a grand organization. Our Scout troop has some subscriptions to *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and all the Scouts love it.

The Girl Scout pages in *THE AMERICAN GIRL* interest me. In fact, everything in the magazine does, so long life to *THE AMERICAN GIRL*!

Betty Ebrmann

FROM A CANADIAN GUIDE

PORT ARTHUR, ONTARIO: I recently received my first copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* and was delighted with it. I am thirteen years old and I am in Grade Eight.

In Canada there are only Girl Guides and Canadian Girls In Training. I belong to both of these organizations, but I have heard so much about the Girl Scouts, I would love to join them, too. I love reading, and outdoor life. Our Guides and C. G. I. T. meet every week. We have lots of parties and camping, along with our regular work.

I certainly wish we had Girl Scouts in Canada, I love your uniforms. But I found out that Guides are practically the same. Well, here's hoping I hear from you soon.

Joyce Boyd

FIRST RATE

METTER, GEORGIA: I was in bed sick and wanted something to read so badly. Mother had been planning a good while to get *THE AMERICAN GIRL* for me, but hadn't done so. While I was sick she ordered it, and I have just received my second copy. It is the best magazine I have ever read.

Before my copy of *THE AMERICAN GIRL* came, I borrowed two of my girl friend's and I read every single story and article over and over.

We are just beginning a Girl Scout troop and I am thrilled beyond words. My hobbies are reading, corresponding, horseback riding, and I love to collect picture post cards.

I want to tell every girl that *THE AMERICAN GIRL* is a first rate magazine.

Virginia Bird

Do you want to be a Girl Scout? If so write to Girl Scouts Inc., attention Field Division, 14 West 49th St., New York City

LUCY AUDUBON

like other men, little men, moneygrubbers like Rozier himself?

But what John was, no one could yet be expected to see and understand, no one in that little frontier world where men's wants were reduced to the first, few, hard needs wrested out of a bold nature. There was no foothold here for art, or science. But artist and scientist though he was, Audubon's prime necessity was for nature itself, for the bountiful, the beautiful, unexplored wealth of the New World avifauna. Page by page, he was gathering his great harvest from it, the bird pictures that now fill eight elephant folio volumes on the museum shelves. Open them, and you will see what John and Lucy saw, those days when they were young and struggling and in love, on the banks of the Ohio. It is there, America's primeval bird population—flying, singing, fighting, hunting, nesting, most of the birds that ever were in this broad land of ours, and many that are no more.

If it was John who went forth to see the marvel and bring home the spoils, it was Lucy who kept the fire bright for him on the hearth and in the heart. What was so greatly Lucy's opportunity and charge is in some degree that of every girl who ever takes a husband. For with him, she takes his life work, too, to honor and to cherish. Lucy had a genius for wifehood. She understood how much a woman can empower a man to do that to which he is called. We have every evidence that, though she did not spare him some sharp words of counsel, she never failed him in fundamental faith and encouragement. Her sacrifices, her patience, her efforts on his behalf were heroic, and make of her one of the most lovable of American heroines. Hers was the silent partner's part, but how golden was that silence!

FOR seven years John and Lucy lived in that crude settlement of Henderson, and those were the seven years that make or break a marriage, that weld together the strong and faithful, or tear apart the weak and selfish. Those were the bitterest of all their years and, I think, the sweetest, at moments. Here was born the second of the Audubons' sons, boys who were to grow tall in their father's service and carry on his work past his lifetime. Here, too, were born their two little daughters, and here they buried them. Here John James put all his hopes and remaining money into a steam mill—and it all but ground his heart to dust. One financial disaster after another pursued him; his neighbors decried him, his business enemies attacked him; he was brought to trial for defending himself, and at last taken away to jail for debt. Gone were all his chances in the commercial world, gone his high hopes of prosperity for the boys, comfort for hard-working Lucy. He was a man, it seemed, broken, a failure in his thirties.

But the birds still sang; they called to him; they whistled those notes that drum us up out of our despond with some imperishable cheer that lies at the heart of life, a secret of which only the birds seem sure. And he had ears for them. In the depths of his despair, he heard what they told him—that he had failed only in the wrong businesses; that they, the birds, were his sole business in life.

The sheriff had taken everything, Lucy's silver and china, their house, their furniture, their clothes. The portfolio was left in the

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43

corner—what good was that, stuffed as it was with nothing but drawings of birds? They weren't worth taking; let the fellow keep them.

Let him keep faith, then, with his unique destiny which, now that he had lost all that was worldly, shone out to him, a guiding star. But still he could not believe; on foot and penniless he trudged to Louisville.

"This," he wrote afterward, "was the saddest of all my journeys, the only time in my life when the wild turkeys that so often crossed my path, and the thousands of lesser birds that enlivened the woods and the prairies, all looked like enemies, and I turned my eyes from them, as if I could have wished that they never existed."

BUT with all else gone, even his love for birds temporarily turned to hatred, his talent for drawing remained to him, and bravely he put it to work. He offered to do a likeness for a few dollars, and thus he staved off destitution from Lucy and the boys. This kept them all alive; kept alive, too, his passion for drawing the birds, a passion which presently crystallized into the breath-taking determination to draw all the birds of America, each one life-size, even the eagle.

So off he set, down the Ohio and the Mississippi on a bold journey south to the birds, following his destiny. It was Lucy who bade him Godspeed, Lucy who set him free for the work that was uniquely his, Lucy, settled now in Cincinnati, who took care of the children, taught school to keep food upon their table. This man and this woman, as the distance between them widened, the boat carrying John James ever farther upon the broadening river, were completely united in aim. Their two hearts were single; Lucy understood and trusted her husband. Let the world call him a vagabond and failure; she believed him to be a genius.

When the twenty drawings, made on this journey and sent her from New Orleans, reached Lucy in Cincinnati, she knew triumphantly that she was right. You have only to look at some of those plates to see why she dared be sure. No one before had ever captured birds alive upon the paper page, the flirt of wing, the swoop of pinion and clutching talon, the turn of head, the bright, quick eye in the instant it met yours. Before this time, all drawings of birds were stiff, stuffed-looking things, mere illustrations of the posed profiles in museum cases. Here, for the first time, nature itself was captured with an accuracy combining both science and art.

To-day all the world sees and applauds Audubon's achievement, gigantic in scope, exquisite in its fresh detail. But in the days and the years of its creation, only John and Lucy were sure. Together they struggled toward his goal—that of publishing the great "Ornithology"—and though together in their aim, they were now for some years parted for most of the time. Lucy kept the ship of hope afloat with her teaching in Cincinnati, as governess in New Orleans, in Natchez, at a plantation in Louisiana; John James made what he could by the way, with his portraits and drawing lessons—even with his fiddle and by teaching the young people of the plantation to dance as a Frenchman can. Sometimes they were together, for rare, happy weeks in which Audubon must have poured out a great flood of adventure tales,

A FRIEND IN TIME OF NEED



When accidents do occur, a Johnson & Johnson Girl Scouts Official First Aid Kit is a friend indeed. Always ready for prompt treatment of minor injuries and to help prevent serious consequences. Carry this handy Kit on your belt—and "Be Prepared."

Ask to see other Johnson & Johnson First Aid Kits. You'll be surprised how inexpensive they are.

OFFICIAL FIRST AID KIT

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.

NAME TAPES 100 for 60c

Washable name labels, with your name printed on washproof ribbon in black ink, for camp, school and travel.

ACME TIP PRINT CO.
791 Sixth Avenue New York, N.Y.

WHEN VACATION DAYS BEGIN

and you go away to camp, or with your family to the shore or mountains, make sure that you don't miss any issues of THE AMERICAN GIRL. Leave your vacation address, together with three cents postage for each copy of the magazine you want forwarded, at your local postoffice, and your Postmaster will see that they are remailed to you.

EXTRA MONEY Sell Personal **CHRISTMAS CARDS** NAME IMPRINTED

Earn Extra Income daily. Show smartest Personal Christmas Cards with name—50¢ for \$1. Another big money-maker—glamorous Box 23 assorted Christmas Folders. Sell for \$1, 100% profit. Many other boxes. Amusing prizes. Samples on approval. Write: ART PUBLISHERS, Dept. 223, 160 North Washington Street, Boston, Mass.

50¢ for \$1

YARN Send for 600 FREE Samples Take advantage of our new lower prices on yarns—We sell at wholesale as well as retail.
YARN NOVELTY CO., (42-BE) North 9th St., Phila., Pa.

for he knew our vanished American wilderness in its last great hour of glory. Then off he would set again for new specimens, new drawings, new subscriptions for his monumental work.

For fourteen months he was gone, months that Lucy spent behind her teacher's desk, keeping order in the schoolroom, keeping the flag of her own courage flying. Wherever John might be, in the woods or on the rivers of a country wilder and wider than it is today, or in the strict cities of New England where he sought financial aid, her thoughts went after him, straight as homing pigeons. But she herself must remain, like the she-bird who keeps warm the eggs, the mate who waits upon the nest.

And when at last he returned to her, unkempt with journeying and filled with fire, it

was with a new project, a bolder one than ever, to forward his dream of publishing an ornithology that should show all the birds of America. He came but to leave her, if he could, and now for a greater distance, a longer time. For they told him that, to win success, he must carry his work to Europe. There the drawings could be properly engraved; there he might find the appreciation which America was too young to provide. It was the last great effort to be made, the final throw of the dice—but where was the money for the stakes?

When Lucy lifted her eyes to him at this question, they must have been shining. Come what might of it, this was a great moment for her, and for all of us who now are lifted upon the wings of Audubon's art. For Lucy smiled. Hadn't she been working, teaching,

saving for two long, lonely years? And with her blessing, she confided all her little hoard to John, and once more she kissed him good-by.

We know the glory and good fortune that awaited him upon that farther shore, but Lucy did not. And so I like to leave her there, looking after him with that abiding faith in her eyes, like a quietly burning lamp set to light him on his way, steadily burning for his return. His was the genius, rare as any of the vanished birds he captured for all time, but hers was the greatness of living up to him, leading him, her hand in his, through dark places on the road, toward the light.

For further biographical information about John James Audubon, and information about his career as an artist, see art note on page 50.

CANADIAN ODYSSEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

bow, I paddled for dear life—diving into a trough, swooping up to the next crest, quartering all the while to ease the force of the waves, reaching down to take a steadying stroke and finding nothing under me but a void. But through it all the canoe bobbed steadfastly on. My respect for it as a rough weather craft went up by leaps and bounds.

At last we found ourselves in the quiet lee of the headland across the lake, and after a short stop for lunch, we pushed on to the portage. Our map showed it as being to the left of a little stream which ran in from the southwest at what looked to be the very end of navigable water, so we thought it would be easy to find. But we spent four hours searching for it, wandering about in swamps and estuaries, once getting bogged in a moose wallow, and several times going aground on rocks. Daylight was going fast and it would have been foolhardy to hunt longer for the portage, so we made camp on a low bluff along the river.

While we were breakfasting next morning, we had visitors—two Indians in a dilapidated birch bark canoe who bore not the slightest resemblance to my romantic conception of the noble redskin. They were wizened and dirty, and their appearance did not inspire confidence. In the bottom of their canoe was a rifle and something long, wrapped in a blood-stained sack. It seemed a little ominous, and, as they spoke no English and we no Indian, international relations did not flourish. But after a great deal of gesticulation they pulled back the sacking and displayed a freshly shot deer. I relaxed and entered wholeheartedly into the subsequent bargaining, and that night we had broiled venison.

After the departure of the Indians, we spent another two hours hunting for the portage trail, and finally found it—not more than a couple of hundred yards from where we had camped.

Then began the trek, and, compared to that trail, the one around the Chute was a path in Central Park. It was just wide enough to plant one foot ahead of the other, and it led up grades so steep that we had to bend almost double to keep our packs from pulling us over backward.

The latter half of the portage led through a narrow, winding stream full of boulders and so shallow, most of the time, that we were barely afloat. We had to get out on a rock every few yards and ease the canoe over the low places. And then it began to drizzle, steadily and coldly and implacably. During the next two hours, I had to take myself

firmly in hand several times to keep from starting back for New York where there were pavements and taxis and redcaps. Finally we reached the next lake.

The shores of this new lake rose straight from the water—solid rock cliffs, with here and there a gaunt evergreen sprouting precariously. About six miles up the lake lay two islands, the camp site we had chosen lay to the right of them and, according to our map, a mile and a half beyond. It was five o'clock by this time and we calculated our average speed at about five miles an hour. There was a light following wind and we estimated that we could make our destination in two hours at the most, which would still give us daylight to land by. So with the islands as our mark, we set off at a smart pace. To be on the safe side, Jock took a compass bearing and plotted our course on the map, just in case the fog, which seemed imminent, should cover up our landmarks. And in half an hour or so it did—blotting the islands out and leaving us eerily alone in a dense, woolly whiteness, which in another half hour became blackness.

WE PLUGGED steadily on the course we had laid out, steering by compass. We were tired and wet to the skin, and in the stifling darkness I was a little frightened. I think Jock was apprehensive, too, because we both knew that if the wind should freshen and swamp us in the middle of that lake, and we lost our canoe and supplies a hundred miles from nowhere, we would be in a pretty mess.

And then Jock discovered that the compass had got wet and the needle was stuck, and for some time we had been paddling goodness knows where.

Luckily my compass was still dry, so we checked our direction against the map and guessed we must be at least a mile to the left of our course. We corrected our direction and paddled on, always hoping for a glimpse of the islands somewhere ahead. Then suddenly, with a change in the wind, we heard the crash of surf and knew we must be near the reef to the south of the larger island. Although we were alarmed at this new hazard, we were heartened, too, for we were again on our course. We swung off enough to clear the reef and at last, when I had become reconciled to spending what was left of the night floating around on this shoreless and fog-bound sea, we saw dead ahead a pale streak on the horizon which, as we drew nearer, became a wide, sloping beach with tall

trees lined up solidly in the background. As our canoe grated on the sand I knew just how Columbus felt when he first set foot on the solid earth of America.

It was ten-thirty and at five o'clock we had started to paddle at the most eight miles. But we had made it—and the miracle of it was that we found, next morning, that Jock had landed us within a hundred yards of the mark we had set ourselves.

Before daylight Jock shook me awake to go exploring with him. But for the time being I was definitely not an explorer, so he took his revolver and the canoe and started off alone. Several hours later, when I had the coffee steaming and the bacon sizzling, I heard a shout and saw him paddling around the point. From his swagger as he walked up the beach, I knew he had been up to something, and moving the bacon to safety I went to meet him. At my feet, with a flourish, he laid three bearskins, all beautifully tanned. Over breakfast I got the story.

After he left me, he had nosed quietly along the shore for a mile or so, and had suddenly come upon a huge black bear fishing near the edge of the lake. He was so close that a heart shot was safe, and another through the head finished the job. While Jock stood over the huge creature, wondering how in the world to get some three or four hundred pounds of bear back to camp, an Indian came around the point. Since we could never have eaten a whole bear and would have been pretty unhappy before long with a green hide, and since the Indian could use the meat and collect a bounty on the head, it didn't take long for them to reach a bargain—three tanned hides and ten pounds of choice meat in exchange for the carcass and its attendant worries—the perfect solution to a knotty problem.

The trip from Lake Manouan to Kempt Lake afforded portaging de luxe. Years before, when the region was being lumbered, the loggers had built a narrow gauge tramway from lake to lake, and the track and a flat car were still there. We loaded on the duffel, lashed the canoe securely, and off we went. The tramway wasn't as steep as a roller coaster, but neither was it as level as a billiard table. We pushed up the hills and then hopped aboard and rode lickety-split down the other side. There were no brakes on the car, and we had not the slightest idea what might lie around the next bend. We thumped and trundled along, the noise of the car putting to flight all the game for

(Continued on page 49)



Query

Who always finds things dull?

A scissors grinder.
—Sent by GLORIA PODGES, Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

Perseverance

SONNY (in bed): Daddy, please bring me a drink?

DADDY (downstairs): No. You've had two glasses of water already.

SONNY (a few minutes later): Daddy, won't you please bring me a drink?

DADDY: If you ask for a drink again, I'll come up there and spank you.

SONNY (ten minutes later): Daddy, when you come up to spank me, will you please bring me a drink?—Sent by ESPIE LEARY, Lowland, North Carolina.

The Funniest Joke I Have Heard This Month



Probably Right

Boss: No, son, I'm afraid I can't hire you. We can't use much help just now.

Boy: That's all right, sir, I wouldn't be much help.—Sent by FLORENCE HYDE, Jefferson City, Missouri.

Send THE AMERICAN GIRL your funniest joke, telling us your name, age, and address. A book will be awarded to every girl whose joke is published in this box.

Or a Lemon

"Who was that peach I saw you with last night?"

"She's no peach, she's a grapefruit."

"Why grapefruit?"

"Well, I squeezed her and she hit me in the eye."—Sent by NO NAME, St. Helen's, Oregon.

Shocking

A man arraigned for assault and battery, was brought before the judge.

"What is your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?" asked the judge.

"My name is Sparks," replied the prisoner. "I'm an electrician and I'm charged with battery."

"Officer, put this man in a dry cell," ordered the judge sternly.—Sent by MARTY LOU JOHNSON, Bemidji, Minnesota.

Ain't That Sump'n?

JIM: Did you get up a good appetite while you were working on the farm?

HARRY: Did I? I ate green corn until a growth of cornsilk came out and covered my bald spot.—Sent by MARYAN DU BRAVE, Windsor, New York.



Jovial Occasion

MARY: I don't care if Sally and Sue didn't invite me to their old party. When I grow up, I'll give a great big party and I won't invite anybody!—Sent by PATSY JOHNSON, Spirit Lake, Idaho.

Slight Misunderstanding

JACKSON: Why did you beat up that guy?

JOHNSON: He insulted my girl.

JACKSON: Well, all he said was that she danced like a zephyr.

JOHNSON: Is that what he said? I thought he said "heifer."—Sent by DARLENE BLUME, Sumner, Iowa.



Ominous

WIFE: That boy of ours gets more like you every day!

HUSBAND (meekly): What's he been up to now?—Sent by SYLVIA CARLSON, Nyack, New York.

Now... You Can Have STYLE and COMFORT for \$1.00



Here's a SCOTCH PLAID woven to look like wool... and to wash! It's a bonnie blouse... a Camp Fire Product... to wear with slacks or skirts. Has pocket, fitted waist band and collegiate collar. Blue, red or green combinations. Sizes 32-40.

Admired by your friends. Admired by your beaux.

All your favorite stores or write LIVINGSTON & LIEBERMAN
132 West 36th Street, New York

SCOUT OFFICIALS

BOOST YOUR COUNCIL FUNDS

When your council or troop budget needs bolstering, do as hundreds of councils have done. Sell Grennan Official Girl Scout Cookies! We furnish complete sale plans, publicity, advertising and contest ideas. Proven successful by more than 1500 councils last year. Sold only to troops and councils registered at National Headquarters. Write today for FREE sample of new Treasure Chest Cookie Package and complete information. No obligation.

GRENNAN BAKERIES, INC.
844 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois

For SCHOOL - HOME - TRAVEL

CASH'S NAMES

PROTECT - IDENTIFY - SAVE LOSSES

Mark your things with Cash's Interwoven Names and they'll always be yours. An extra dozen now FREE with every order. At most dept. stores, or write us. Ask also about Cash's Fair Numbers, Sheet Markers, Woven Belts and Trimmings.

Trial Offer: Send us 25¢ for 1 doz. of your first name and sample of NO-50 for attaching without sewing.

CASH'S 30 Chestnut St., St. Joseph, Mo., or 5200 So. Broadway Pl., Los Angeles, Cal., or 28 Gray St., Berkeley, Cal.

CASH'S 3 doz 45¢ 6 doz 72¢ NO-50 25¢

NAMES 9 24 12 3 Cent 1 doz

LISTEN - Here's Easy Way to MAKE MONEY

SELL CHRISTMAS CARDS

Take away orders for Personal Christmas Cards with order's name, 50 for \$1. Show 16 beautiful multi-color designs. Also season's finest 21-card \$1 Christmas assortment. You make life. Eight other assortments—Familiar, Religious, Gift, Wrapping, etc. Deluxelike Personal Cards. Start making now. No experience needed. Get FREE Christmas Card. WEYMORE & SUGGER, Inc. Dept. 394

749 Monroe Avenue, Rochester, New York

HANDICRAFT SUPPLIES

Tools, materials, equipment books, instruction manuals. Free to Girl Scout Leaders 150 page catalog and 36 page supplement.

Universal Handicrafts Service, Inc.
Room 302 1267 Sixth Avenue New York City

GIRLS EARN EXTRA MONEY

Take early orders for Christmas Cards. Everyone uses. Easily sold. No experience necessary. All kinds, including Humorous, Etchings, Religious, Gift Wrapping assortments, etc. Big profits. Extra Cash Bonus. Write for complete information.

LORA FREEMAN COMPANY
35 High Street New Haven, Conn.

ROLLS DEVELOPED

Two Beautiful Double-Weight Professional Enlargements. 8 Never Fade Prints. 25c.

CENTURY PHOTO SERVICE, La Crosse, Wis.

NUACE MOUNTING CORNERS

REGULAR JUNIOR

TRANSPARENT BEST

way to mount and display snapshots, stamps, drawings, etc. Quick, safe, inexpensive. Protects while showing to the best advantage. NuAce Corners are in 4 styles:

Regular, Junior, Senior, in black, white, gray, green, red, sepia, ivory, gold, and silver. Also crystal-clear Transparent style.

Only a dime a pkz. anywhere in the U. S., or send us 10c (Canada 15c) for pkz, and samples.

24 Gould St. ACE ART CO. Reading, Mass.

MOST LOVELY LADY!

Queen Astrid Mourning stamp of Belgium (most beautiful in the world) and Paraguay Flag Stamp (both illustrated); also famous Australia Anzac Commemorative, Albania, Manchukuo, Palestine, and many other fine stamps in our big packet of 57 different from far-off lands to approval applicants!

E. T. DEWEY, 1036 North Dearborn, Chicago, Ill.

SCARCE TRIANGLE!

(as shown) from far-off Tanna Touva, plus dandy packet including Borneo Astrid, Goree Black & Silver Mourning Stamp, first U.S. Commemorative, Ancient Babylon, etc. (all stamps).

World's largest Map, Giant Tropical DIAMOND, Scarce Zanzibar, Mermad, Head-Hunter, Mowee, etc. from far away countries. All sent as described to new approval applicants for only 5c. Also Genuine perforation gauge.

PALM, Inc. Dept. A. Box 522 Jacksonville, Florida

WILL ROGERS & U. S. FLAG

Panama showing "Old Glory" in natural color, also Nicaragua Rogers (shown) packet Diamond and Triangles, odd countries, Pope Pius stamp, Mussolini stamp, Slave, etc. only rare old Greece, animals, birds, war countries, etc. in collection 55 different only 5c with approvals.

Belmont Stamp Co., Dept. 11, Wash., D.C.

56 DIFFERENT from Falkland Islands (shown), Kenya, Sinkiang, Tanganyika, Selangor, Italian E. Africa, 70 yr. old N. G. Postal Dist., other odd lands! All for 5c with approvals.

IMPERIAL STAMP CO., Dept. G, Box 71, Sta. O, New York, N. Y.

STAMP BOOK FREE

Large forty-page stamp book describing stamps of all countries. Includes Stamp Encyclopedia, FREE.

EMPIRE STAMP COMPANY

Dept. AG. Toronto Canada

FREE! SNAKE TRIANGLE!

Scarce Mosambique (shown), also Cannibal Island, Togoland, Greenland (new country), odd Mosquito stamp, smallest stamp, Morocco, Djibouti, Liban, Treasure Island, etc. — all FREE with list and approvals. Send 5c postage. **SEMINOLE STAMP CO., Pimlico-A, Baltimore, Md.**

"FREE—THE STAMP FINDER"

Send today for our valuable "Stamp Finder"—an illustrated booklet enabling you instantly to identify all difficult stamps and to tell at a glance the countries from which they come! Also fine packet of odd and unusual stamps from Bosnia-Herzegovina, Monaco, Patania, Cyprus, etc. including maps, ships, animals and strange scenes. All free to approval applicants! 5c postage.

GARCELON STAMP CO., Box 907, Calais, Maine

FREE! LIBERIA AIRMAIL TRIANGLE

(Illustrated) also stamps from Gobi Desert, Snake stamp, Devil's Island, Silver Jubilee, Mermad stamp, set U. S. Liberty 50 years old, etc. — all given with big lists and approvals. Send 5c postage.

PILGRIM STAMP CO., W. Arlington-A, Baltimore, Md.

STAMP COLLECTION FREE!

Contains Africa; Confederate States (fac-simile); China "Wild Goose"; French Colonies; Beautiful Belgian Queen Astrid stamp, etc. all free to approval applicants sending 3c postage. 1000 hinges, 7c. Watermark Detector, 2c. 15 Confederate Prints 10c.

Tatham Stamp Co., 281 Belmont (G-8), Springfield, Mass.

FREE!

Foreign Coin, banknote, and large illustrated coin catalog free, for 4c postage. Up to \$20.00 CASH PAID FOR INDIAN HEAD CENTS. Buying list showing dates wanted and prices paid 10c. Coin and Stamp Approval sent.

TATHAM COIN CO. 48 SPRINGFIELD MASS

U. S. INVERT

For a limited time, to every applicant for our U.S. Approval Service, we will send a scarce U.S. Invert (unused). An 8-page booklet listing and pricing every U.S. Commemorative will be included, and both can be had by sending us 5c for postage and handling.

HUBER STAMP CO. 1227 CHELTON AVE. DEPT. 25 PITTSBURGH, PA.

EXCHANGE YOUR DUPLICATES—Send 100 and dime. Receive 100 and the ONLY set ever issued by WHITE RUSSIA. Large Pictorials, 10 val. Mint.

D. ROSE, 2855 Claflin Ave., New York, N. Y.

WHEN STAMPS ARE YOUR HOBBY

By OSBORNE B. BOND

THE long-awaited American air mail route across the South Pacific Ocean to New Zealand went into operation on July twelfth when the first giant Clipper ship took off from San Francisco and flew, by way of Los Angeles, to Honolulu. After an overnight stop in Hawaii, the flight continued on to Auckland, New Zealand, with landings on the way at Noumea, in the French island of New Caledonia, and at the recently established American airport on Canton Island.

It is just a year ago this month since the Post Office Department announced this route across the South Pacific. The first flight would probably have taken place last September or October, but with the outbreak of the war in Europe, the necessary operating permission was not granted to the airline company until the middle of June, 1940.

This new service across the Pacific will cut at least two weeks from the mail transit time between the United States and New Zealand. Service for the first few months will be on the basis of one round trip every two weeks, but it is expected that when the necessary equipment can be delivered, this service will be stepped up to one trip each week.

Two new United States commemorative stamps were placed on sale during July. At Boise, capital of the state of Idaho, the Post Office Department issued on July third a special stamp to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of Idaho's admission to Statehood. Wyoming's fiftieth anniversary of the same event was celebrated on July tenth with a commemorative stamp issue at Cheyenne. Both stamps are of the three-cent denomination printed in purple ink.

The Idaho commemorative shows, for its central design, a reproduction of the State Capitol building at Boise. In the upper left corner appears the commemorative inscription in three lines. Considerable discussion was aroused in Idaho when it first was learned that the Department planned the use of this design. The Congressional delegation from the State had worked upon and submitted a design for the new stamp which would have depicted the grazing, lumber,



and reclamation projects there. Idaho's lumber interests, represented by its many pine tree forests, make it one of the country's outstanding States in this industry.

The central design of the Wyoming stamp is a reproduction of the State seal, the principal motif of which is modeled after the famous statue of the "Winged Victory" in the Louvre. The design on the Wyoming State seal shows the draped figure of a woman, holding in her right hand a staff at the top of which are the words "Equal Rights." This symbolizes the fact that Wyoming was the first State in the Union to grant Woman Suffrage.

Standing to the left of the statue is the figure of a man with a broad-brimmed hat, holding a lariat, representing the livestock and grazing industry of the State, while at the right of the statue is the figure of a miner with pick in hand, symbolic of the State's mining industry. Inscribed on pillars at either side of the woman's figure are the words "Livestock" and "Grain" on the left, and "Mines" and "Oil" on the right, indicative of four of the State's major industries.

Bulgaria issued two large, attractive stamps to honor the centenary of the world's first postage stamp. The values are ten leu dark olive-green and twenty leu indigo. The design shows the first stamp of Bulgaria, with the Bulgarian lion rampant, placed diagonally in the upper panel with a ribbon and legend above and a foliate spray at the right. The legend on the ten leu is "100 Anniversary of the Postage Stamp." On the twenty leu stamp the inscription is "1840-1940."

WHEN ORDERING STAMPS

from our advertisers, be sure to write your name and address clearly, and to give your FULL NAME and COMPLETE ADDRESS. The stamp dealer will do his best to fill your order carefully and promptly. You can avoid delays by making sure that your name and address are given in your order.

What are "APPROVALS"? "Approvals," or "approval sheets," mean sheets with stamps attached which are made up and sent out by dealers. "Approvals" sent by advertisers involve no obligation on the part of the receiver except that they must be paid for, or returned promptly and in good condition.

The price of each stamp is on the sheet and the collector should detach those which he wishes to buy, then return the sheet with the remaining stamps in as good order as when received, enclosing with it the price of the stamps he has detached and, most important, his name, street address, city and state, and the invoice number.

FREE!!! AUSTRIA WAR SET. Postage 3c. **WILLIAMS, 602 Archer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

80 DIFFERENT including Airmails, Commemoratives; Sets from Uruguay, Argentina & Brazil, and other nice issues—5c to approval applicants. **H. Munziker's Box 225-Y Minneapolis, Minn.**

Penny Approvals: Thousands different. Pictorials, Commemoratives. **Raymax, Box 21-G, Station Y, Brooklyn, N. Y.**

FREE!!! Pony Express Set (facsimiles). Postage 3c. **Roberts, 402 Shearer Bldg., Bay City, Mich.**

CANADIAN ODYSSEY

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

miles around. But the end came sooner than we anticipated. We rounded the last bend at a good clip, the heavy car quite out of control, and two hundred yards ahead of us on the track was another flatcar. We leaped as one man, keeping our frantic grip on the car and being dragged behind it over the rough ground and splintered ties. We held back with all our strength, but the car tore on. Horrible pictures flashed through my mind—the canoe smashed to kindling, our duffel catapulted into the river, and ourselves mangled in the wreckage. Just as I had given up hope, the car began miraculously to slow down and came to a reluctant stop—not five feet from the other one. We wedged a stone under the wheels and collapsed.

That afternoon we made camp about ten miles down Kempt Lake, in the lee of a bluff, and set about getting dinner. Let it not be supposed that we lived on beans and bacon. When on the move we always kept dehydrated vegetables soaking and the sourdough can working, so it was no job at all to get together an appetizing meal at the end of the day. That night we had baked spaghetti with lots of cheese and tomato sauce, hot sourdough bread spread with fresh raspberry jam made from the luscious berries which grew everywhere in profusion, lots of good strong tea and freshly baked gingerbread.

After supper we paddled idly along the shore, enjoying the magnificent sunset and watching the fish leap. Directly off our port a brawling stream emptied into the lake, and suddenly above its noisy chatter we heard a tremendous splashing. We sat motionless in the gathering darkness, while out of the stream waded an enormous bull moose whose antlers must have had a spread of five feet and whose whiskers hung halfway to his knees. He walked deliberately toward us and came to a halt not twenty feet away, muzzle lifted for our scent. Luckily we were down wind. He had obviously never seen human beings before, and he stood for a long moment looking at us. Then he lowered his grizzled head and, ignoring us, munched a lily leaf or two and took a noisy drink of water. He browsed under our very noses for ten minutes or so—then having eaten and drunk his fill, he moved majestically away into the forest.

When we turned in, a bright sickle of moon was in the sky and a million stars twinkled in the deep arch of the heavens; but toward dawn we were awakened by the sound of rain lashing the tent. The storm increased in noise and fury until the wind howled like a banshee. But for the sand bluff at our backs, I think we would have been uprooted and tossed into the lake. The waves rose several feet and broke almost on us, and all through the forest, trees crashed down. Then a terrific blast came whipping across the point, bringing with it a rending, cracking sound. The tail of it caught the tent and collapsed it about our heads, leaving us floundering in the folds. We crawled out and stood in the midst of destruction. Trees lay uprooted all around us and the beach was littered with debris. Waves broke at our feet and threatened to undermine what was left of the tent. We crouched under the canoe the rest of the night, but with the coming of dawn, the wind dropped as quickly as it had risen and, by the time we had the tent upright again, the lake was without a

ripple. But across the point at our backs the wind had cut a swath a hundred yards wide and left not an upright tree in its path.

The day, washed clean and shining, seemed made for exploration so we went on a hunt for the portage into Lake Nemikachi. In the late afternoon of the following day we found it—an insignificant trickle of water which we had passed half a dozen times without thinking it worthy of investigation.

It was while we were making our way through this winding little stream that we happened on the wilderness "post office." At the place where the stream entered the lake there was a narrow sand bar and on its very tip was a stick about six feet long embedded in the sand, and in its cleft a folded piece of birch bark. The bark, when opened, was about twelve inches square and had been cut from the inner layers of the tree. Its white surface had been inscribed with a sharpened stick in a language which was neither French nor English, and which we assumed, therefore, must be Indian. It was dated early in July and had evidently been there some three weeks. The writer, having written his message, had folded the bark, fastened it firmly on the stick, and left it for the right person to claim as he traveled by. Everyone who came along read it and, if it were not for him, replaced it. We learned later that this is the usual wilderness method of communication.

THE character of this new country was different from that we had just left. Because of the impossibility of getting the logs out, it had never been lumbered and was thickly grown with virgin timber, mostly pine, of tremendous size and great beauty. The forest grew to the water's edge and in many places, tall cliffs rose abruptly from the lake. Mountains towered against the sky, and down the middle of the long, narrow lake marched a line of islands.

Ten miles of paddling brought us to a rocky eminence on one of the islands where, near its crest, was a flat space sheltered by tall pines, and there we made camp.

We had been on the way two weeks and were a hundred and fifty miles by water from Manouan Post where we had started. Time, as such, had lost all significance, and there was no Sunday, or Monday, or Tuesday, but simply to-day and to-morrow. I marked off each day on a tiny calendar pasted in the cover of my compass, begrudging every one as I did so, and neither of us wondered, or cared, what might be happening elsewhere in the world. There was a quality of completeness to our lives in this wilderness which made outside things unimportant.

It was while we were on Nemikachi that I came near to starting a gold rush. I was squatting by the lake scouring dishes when I caught the glint of something bright in the sand. I scooped up a cupful and drained off the water, and there shining up at me were speckles and speckles of gold. My shout brought Jock on the run expecting to find me being chased by a bear, but when I excitedly displayed my treasure he sat down by the lake and laughed until he was weak. My gold was mica.

Day followed perfect day as we played around in our wilderness, enjoying every moment of it. On clear days we explored and hunted and fished, and when it rained we made ourselves snug in the tent and over-

hauled gear, or read. (I had tucked several "pocket editions" into the duffel.)

In the course of our wanderings we came upon an Indian village that showed every sign of being an active one except that it had no inhabitants. The cleared patch around the cluster of cabins was planted, somewhat haphazardly, with a fairly healthy looking crop of potatoes and through cabin windows, we could see piles of splint baskets, snowshoes, tanned moosehides, birch canoes, and other articles of Indian craftsmanship. But no Indians. We learned later that the Indians of Northern Quebec have not one home but several, and move from one to another, following the game and the seasons, and spending their winters on Government reservations. They work no more than is necessary, and the squaws do most of the hard labor. We met one aged couple later on, a wizened little buck seated in state in the bow of his dilapidated canoe, while his mountainous and very dirty squaw paddled him amiably about.

Our precious days were slipping away. We hadn't yet visited the Indian reservation and the Hudson's Bay Post at the extreme southern end of Kempt Lake, and we were beginning to need supplies; so we decided to cross back into Kempt and travel down Maida Bay. It was a long day's journey back to our camp on Otibane Bay—up the eighteen miles of Nemikachi to the sand bar where we had found the wilderness letter (which had evidently been called for, since only the cleft stick remained) and back through the tortuous little stream. As we had come through this section rather fast, we decided to stay for a day and look around.

However, I do not enjoy getting up at the crack of dawn to go exploring, so on the following morning Jock made off alone in the early mists. I had breakfast ready when he got back, and I have never seen him so excited, not even the day he shot the bear. A mile or so from camp, he had followed an old trail which had led for several miles through very rough country and finally brought him out on the shore of a mist-shrouded lake. He couldn't tell much of its size or shape because of the mists, but through his binoculars he had seen several moose wading near a point across the lake, and a number of islands dotted here and there gave it an enchanting aspect. He became so lyrical over its beauties, that soon I was also excited, too. There seemed to be no such lake on our map, and we were sure he had discovered one that had never before been seen by a white man. I induced him to eat his breakfast, then we set off to gloat over our new-found kingdom.

The trail was terrible—worse even than Snake Portage—and we stumbled over it, my short legs doing their best to keep up with his eager stride. I fell over roots, struggled through thickets, crawled under fallen trees, got mired in morasses, and still we went on. We must have traveled more than an hour, when suddenly the trail sloped down to a wide beach and we were on the shore of the fabulous lake.

Never has mortal woman been obliged so to wound her mate. The mist had burned off, and it needed only a glance to show me that we were back on Nemikachi, which we had traveled some twenty-five miles, the day before, to get away from. We tramped sadly back to camp and had another breakfast.

Next morning we moved on to Maida Bay.

Across from the reservation was the Post, and visitors to this remote place were a rarity, particularly a white woman in breeches and a tattered shirt. It was indeed a jumping-off place, there being only one or two small settlements between it and Hudson's Bay. The Post manager's chief job was to buy from the Indians their furs and articles of handicraft, and the Post shelves were piled high with a fascinating collection of moc-casins, mittens, beaded belts and purses, snowshoes, baskets, tobacco pouches, and even pipes and axe handles expertly carved with the heads of wolves and bears. There were immense moosehides tanned to the softness of chamois, and thickly-furred bearskins. But best of all were the graceful birch bark canoes, so light you could pick them up with one hand; and they sold for a dollar a foot. A ten-foot canoe, ten dollars; a fifteen footer, fifteen dollars. I've never coveted anything so much as I did a beautifully made ten-footer, but there was no way to get it back except to carry and paddle it, and my covetousness did not extend that far.

The reservation across the way seemed a busy place, with twenty-five or thirty neat cabins, a school, and a resplendent white clapboard church. In our visit to the settlement we noticed an apparent scarcity of young Indian girls and asked what became of them when they got to be seventeen or eighteen. The manager told us that most of them marry at sixteen and, by the time they are twenty-five, are careworn women with half a dozen children clinging to their skirts and another strapped to their backs. Many die of tuberculosis.

We had four days left in which to travel a hundred miles back to Manouan, and we knew we would have to step along. By this time we were both as hard as nails and could paddle for ten or twelve hours without discomfort. It seemed sinful to go back to the city where we would soon grow soft again.

We left Maida Bay next morning and paddled thirty-five miles, made the portage over the tramway—this time without mishap—caught a supper fish and made camp, all by six o'clock in the evening. How different we

felt from that day, such ages ago, when we had started out!

At daybreak, the following morning, an unusual sound penetrated my sleep as, lying half awake, I heard a *clap-clap-clap* in the water near at hand. I wakened Jock and very quietly we unzipped the tent to look. There in our dooryard was another moose, trotting past. This time it was a cow, and she appeared gigantic in the dim light, with her barrel of a body on awkward legs. We watched her trot out of sight and envied her because she could stay and we could not.

Our schedule had been arranged so that we would reach Manouan on Thursday, take the train that night, and allow ourselves a day in Montreal; but when we turned up at Manouan Post, we discovered to our chagrin that it was *Friday*. Somewhere along the way, I had forgotten to mark off a day on our calendar. Luckily there was a train that night, but deep down in our hearts we both wished there was no train and never would be, so that we might spend the rest of our days in this clean, straightforward wilderness.

AMERICAN PAINTERS SERIES—JOHN JAMES AUDUBON, 1785-1851

THE circumstances surrounding the birth of John James Audubon are a fascinating "enigma," to use the famous naturalist's own word. Various cities have claimed him as a native son; many contradictory stories have been published by his biographers and descendants; mysterious references in his own journals have lent color to the legends which have sprung up about him, the most romantic of which is that he was the "Lost Dauphin" of France, son of Louis Sixteenth and Marie Antoinette. From records and documents recently made available, it would appear that he was born at Aux Cayes, Santo Domingo, in 1785.

When the lad was about four he and his sister were brought from their plantation home to live in Nantes, France, with their father, Jean Audubon, a captain in the French merchant marine, and their doting stepmother, Anne Moynet Audubon, the *cher maman* of Audubon's diaries. Here at the family summer home, La Gerbetière, young Jean Jacques La Forêt Fougère, for so he was known at that time, was wont to skip school to spend the days in the woods and fields, studying and sketching birds, collecting birds' nests, birds' eggs, and flowers. He was apparently a stern critic of his own work and at regular intervals destroyed all his drawings to begin anew—and so it is that none of his early sketches remain to us. Conscious of the shortcomings of his attempts to capture the vivid, flashing grace of the creatures that so charmed him, Audubon persuaded his father to send him to Paris to study with David, a famous Parisian artist of that period. But a young man, impatient with his own efforts to catch the animation of a bird on the wing, was not likely to relish long hours of sketching plaster casts of classic heads and hands. Audubon was soon back at La Gerbetière, teaching himself by the process of constantly creating and rejecting his bird pictures.

To learn English and something of business practice, his father sent him, at eighteen, to Mill Grove, a Pennsylvania farm which the captain had owned for some years. Here, from his father's Quaker associates, he made his first acquaintance with the alien tongue he was never able to spell, the Quaker "thee" and "thou" falling naturally on ears accustomed to the familiar French *tu* and *toi*. Here he met Lucy Bakewell, and what she meant to him is told with sympathetic insight in an inspiring article by Donald Culross Peattie in this issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL.

Through all his business failures, his unsuccessful expedients to earn a living, Audubon's passion for birds remained oftentimes the only solace in the misery of his days. At Louisville, Cincinnati, Natchez, New Orleans, on the plantations of Feliciana where so many of the now famous prints were made, he was constantly adding to his collection of bird drawings. His stiff profiles of stuffed birds, in the manner of all ornithological drawings of the time, had given way now to water colors and pastels of life-sized birds in amazingly lifelike attitudes, among the exquisitely executed flowers and foliage of their natural environment.

Tattered and unkempt, with his long hair curling to his shoulders, Audubon, a famous shot, spent months at a time along the shores of the Mississippi, in the woods of Kentucky and Ohio, and on the plantations of Louisiana, hunting his specimens. Then, with a system of wires, he rigged his models against a background marked off in squares, with a wire mesh of the same size squares over the body of the bird. His drawing paper was then marked off in corresponding squares, and with compass and rule, each

feather and claw was transferred to paper in exact detail and size. This outline was then pounced or traced on a fresh paper and colored with pastels or water colors.

While the artist was eking out a meager living in Cincinnati, teaching French and drawing at various academies for young ladies, a young boy of thirteen, Joseph Mason, who loved flowers as Audubon loved birds, came to him for instruction. The boy's native talent for drawing flowers delighted the teacher and shortly young Mason was doing the floral backgrounds for Audubon's bird pictures. Then it was that the stupendous ambition to draw from nature, in natural size and environment, all of the birds of America was born. For almost two years, Joseph Mason shared Audubon's wanderings, working with him on the bird pictures, and roaming the woods from Cincinnati to New Orleans. Many of the lovely floral backgrounds in the prints of *The Birds of America* are the work of John Mason.

Audubon turned aside from his absorbing project time and again, to earn money for a bare existence—and later on, helped defray the huge cost of engraving his bird pictures by painting portraits. Before the days of the camera, itinerant portrait painters could do a thriving trade, charging five to twenty-five dollars a likeness. Audubon's first portraits were black chalk studies of his good friends the French emigrés, Monsieur and Madame Berthoud. In his portraits, as in his bird studies, he was exact and truthful, with great facility in catching likeness.

Until he was about thirty-seven Audubon worked only in chalks and crayons. Then, at Natchez, John Steen, wandering portrait painter, gave him his first lessons in oils. Later, in Philadelphia, Thomas Sully, well-known American painter of that day, became interested in the bird artist, and gave him much encouragement and further instruction in oils.

At last Audubon made up his mind that he must go to Europe, if his bird sketches were ever to be published at all. They were exhibited in London with tremendous success. Scholars, scientists, artists, famous men, learned societies fêted and honored him. A well-known Scotch engraver, Lizars, began the great work of reproducing the sketches. These were engraved on copper plates and colored by hand.

Meanwhile Audubon was traveling about, securing subscribers, painting portraits and oil copies of many of his bird pictures to meet the printing expenses. While he was in London, news came that the engravers in Scotland were on strike. Fortunately, the London firm of Havells, father and son, took up the work and proved even more skillful craftsmen than the Scotchman, and so made their fame and fortune from the elephant portfolio (so-called for its size), *The Birds of America*.

Perhaps readers of the magazine will feel that Mr. Peattie's delightful article in this issue of THE AMERICAN GIRL is tantalizingly brief and that they want to learn more about Audubon. We suggest that such Audubon enthusiasts read *Singing in the Wilderness*, also by Donald Culross Peattie, published by G. P. Putnam and Sons; and that they watch for a new book edited by Mr. Peattie, *Audubon's America*, containing the bird artist's own stories of his adventures in the wilderness, handsomely illustrated with double page reproductions in color of the bird prints, to be published this autumn by Houghton-Mifflin.

—M. C.



A Gift for the Bride

JEAN rummaged frantically in her bag. "Bother!" she exploded. "If I could just find that ten dollar bill—"

"Good grief, don't tell me you've lost it—after tramping all over town to find just the right wedding present for the one and only Sunday School teacher!" said Joan. "Dig in a little deeper."

Jean fished up the bill and flourished it. "Here it is!" She paid for the goblets she had selected and gave the clerk the address. "Come on, Jo. I'm treating us to a soda."

Perched on stools in the drug store, the girls settled down to the enjoyment of cold, tangy sweetness—strawberry for Joan, chocolate for Jean.

"Have you read the September AMERICAN GIRL yet?" asked Jean, poking a straw into the rich, brown liquid. "My copy came yesterday."

● "Uh, huh," replied Joan, over the top of her glass. "That Mariner head on the cover is lovely, isn't it?"

Jean nodded assent. "I do think

Lawrence Wilbur paints the prettiest girls. And I was interested in the log of the Girl Scout Mariner Ship *Dauntless*, cruising from Jacksonville to Savannah, Georgia, too."

"What fun those Mariner gals have!" said Joan. "The photographs were terribly attractive, I thought."

● Jean scooped up her ice cream with a lavish spoon. "There were a lot of good things in the September issue," she said. "*Sing for Your Supper* gets better and better with each installment—and Edward Caswell's pictures are perfect. They catch the spirit of the story exactly. Mary Avery Glen's Dilsey story, *Mother's Little Helper*, is one of the best yet."

"I thought so, too," agreed Joan. "It was fun having another *Midge* story—and I loved the Sara Hemingway story, *Bright Idea*."

"There's an article in this issue that we're going to find mighty useful this autumn and winter, Jo, and that's Florence Smith Vincent's *Polly, Put the Kettle On*. It tells just how to give teas—I don't mean

formal affairs, but informal teas for young people like us. Mrs. Vincent says young teas, the sort she describes, appeal to boys as well as girls."

"Sounds swell," said Joan. "There are a lot of new ideas for party food in the article, I noticed. Let's have a tea like that some Saturday afternoon this month."

"Suits me," assented her chum, draining the last drop of her soda. "That kind of a party would cost very little, too."

She slipped down off her stool. "We can make some plans on the way home—and I want to discuss Beulah France's article on *Public Health Jobs* with you, too. It's just full of interesting information."

●
If your subscription has run out, mail the renewal to-day. Send \$1.50 for one year's subscription, or \$2.00 for two years, to THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 West 49th Street, New York, New York



Fun for You!

MONEY-RAISING PLAN A SUCCESS!

Over \$200,000.00 since the plan began—over \$40,000.00 last year alone—that's how the record proves the unfailing practical progress of our AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN.

This money was raised for registrations, for camp, for uniforms, for a hundred and one other things—and if *you* need money for your troop treasury, you should be sure to try this easy and pleasant way of earning it with the well-liked Quaint Shop Christmas Cards. Most attractive new designs have been created for the 1940 season.

Everybody uses Christmas Cards, and Girl Scout friends and relatives eagerly buy Quaint Shop cards because of their unusual value. You'll be surprised at the ready orders you'll receive, with profits from \$3.50 to \$100.00, or even more. Thousands of Girl Scout troops now count the AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN as their most dependable source for additional funds!

AMERICAN GIRL SUBSCRIPTIONS AS SPECIAL PRIZES

At the same time that all this money has been raised, over 50,000 one-year subscriptions to THE AMERICAN GIRL have been awarded as prizes to individual Girl Scouts—who can assure you that our plan really "brings home the bacon."

LET US SEND YOU THE DETAILS!

You can be just as successful in raising money this way as are the thousands of others who have been using our plan, year after year. Write to-day for the AMERICAN GIRL-QUAINT SHOP PLAN. There will be no expense or obligation to you—and you will see for yourself how easily many dollars can be raised.

Would you like to win a subscription to THE AMERICAN GIRL? Would you like to raise \$7 or \$14 for your troop in the easy, pleasant way other girls have found so successful? Then write to-day for a sample box of Christmas cards, on approval, together with details of our plan. No obligation, of course.

A penny postal is enough! And all you need to write is:—Dept. AG, The American Girl, Please tell me about your Plan to raise money and win a subscription without cost. (If there is a Girl Scout troop in your community, be sure to tell the Leader about this opportunity.)

ADDRESS DEPT. AG, THE AMERICAN GIRL, 14 WEST 49TH STREET, NEW YORK CITY

